

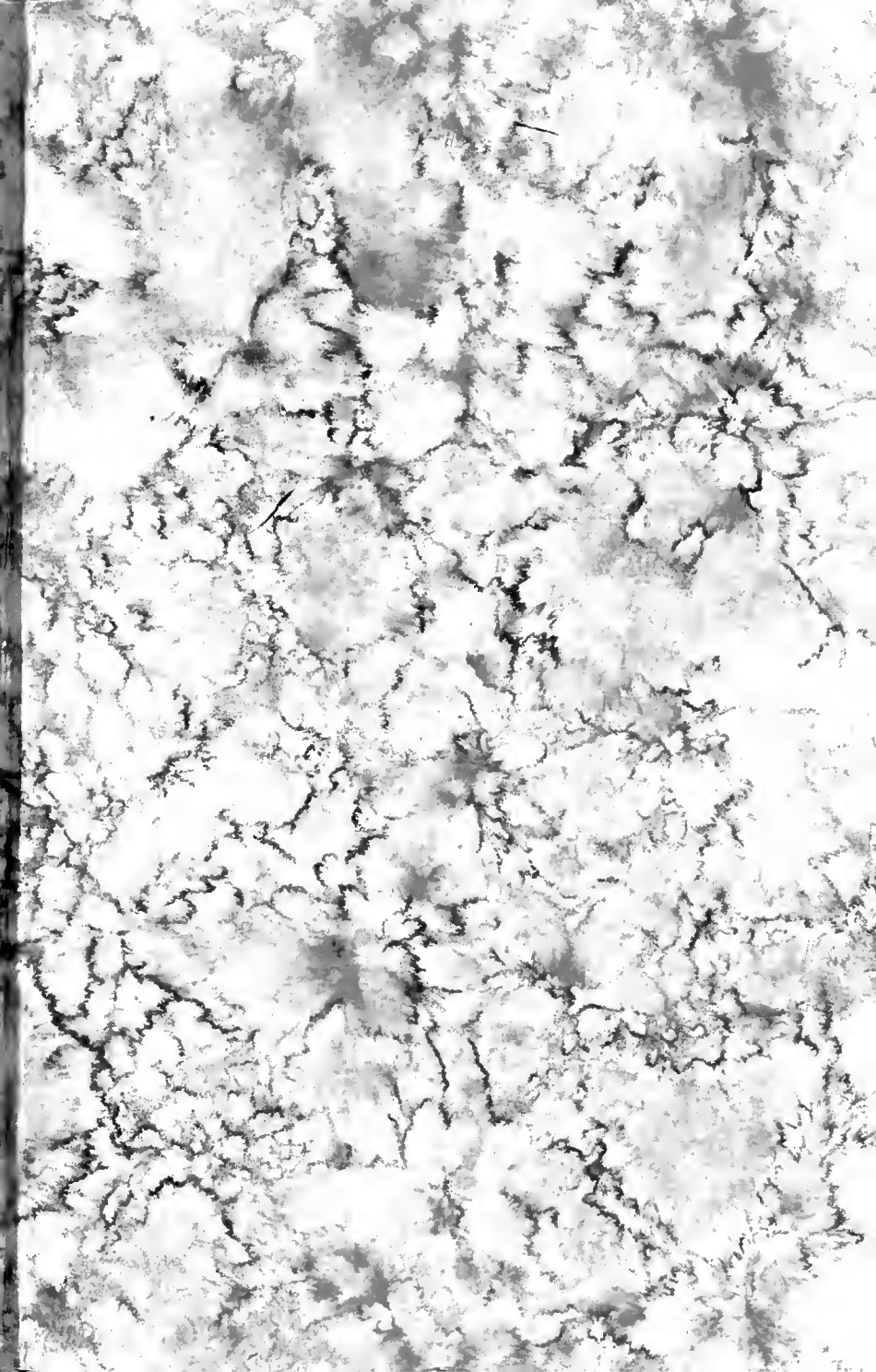
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Beautifully
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Frontispiece.

Vide Page 135.

THE

FLORAL TELEGRAPH:

OR

AFFECTION'S SIGNALS.

BY THE LATE

CAPTAIN MARRYATT, R.N.

AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

LONDON:

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT-STREET.

VAULT
UNDER
GR
780
M35
1850

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

I HAVE undertaken the editing of Mr. Honeycomb's papers with no common degree of satisfaction. Of his character, I must be permitted to say a few words. Those who know him not, or know him but imperfectly, record him, in their estimation, as a rich, shy, and singular old gentleman, a little given to prose upon due encouragement, and remarkable for always selecting an excellent subject — himself.

Those who have been honoured by his intimacy will joyfully acknowledge

his claims to much beyond this. Bashful he certainly is, and much given to solitary strolling and absent musings ; and also, it must be confessed, like most bashful men, when he has once broken down the barrier that his timidity places before his social yearnings, he will converse somewhat profusely and diffusely ; and if he does, upon those occasions, make rather a liberal use of the pronoun *I*, with its objective *me*, all who thoroughly understand *him* will be grateful for it.

In all other respects, he is a gentleman of an excellent understanding, improved and refined by considerable

literary attainments, of a generous and confiding disposition, and of the gentlest heart that ever throbbed in a human bosom in sympathy with another's distress, or that ever panted fervently to relieve it. He is a man of unlimited capabilities of kindness, loving his neighbour more than himself, and the ladies most of all. Indeed, as regards the fair, he seems to have concentrated all the sex into one magnificent idea, a resplendent idol, to which he has ever bent knee, and which he has ever worshipped.

It is to this generalization of attachment, and infinity of adoration, that I impute that he is now a hale and gal-

lant bachelor, at the manly age of three-score years and three.

Of the account that he gives of himself and his unearthly visitation, I will hazard no opinion, excepting that, altogether, it is a most miraculous affair. Even conceding to the sceptics that have so much annoyed him, that the events he relates were nothing but the impressions of a long hallucination, attendant upon illness, it must be acknowledged as a singular phenomenon in physiology.

Of the reality of his interview and conference with a preternatural being, he is himself fully persuaded. The invention, with the numerous Vocabulary

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE. vii

consequent upon it, I will pledge myself, never originated with Mr. Honeycomb. Indeed, the original manuscript was a queer black letter affair upon musty parchment, I mean that part that he avers to have received from Floribel.

I have only to observe that, wherever the deception lay, if deception there be, which I much doubt, it has produced an amusing book, the herald of a singularly curious invention, for which every lady in the kingdom will thank Mr. Honeycomb.

In revising my old friend's papers, my editorial labours have been light, and confined merely to the striking out of

viii THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

expletives, and the expunging digressions, particularly about himself. If, however, the reader should find that I have permitted a single idea, like a willing horse imposed upon, to carry double, or even ^{the} triple sentences by way of riders, I humbly trust that it will be conjectured, that, if I had endeavoured to dismount one of the intruders, that I should not only have hazarded the fall of both, but even have run the risk of causing the gallant steed himself to stumble.

MR. HORACE HONEYCOMB'S
DEDICATION
TO THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR,
THE FAIR OF ENGLAND, IRELAND,
AND WALES.

Sovereign Ladies ; at your feet I fling
My subject self : and, though I am but
one,

Such vast excess of fealty I bring
To your fair millions, you shall find I've
done

To each a million's homage ; therefore shun
Nor me, nor my heart-offerings ; but deign
On the few sands that I have yet to run

To smile, and make them gold ; then, not
in vain
Have I for you endured, and glorified your
reign.

For, ye are queens, all, all. Each has a
throne
In one or many hearts ; therefore, 't is
meet
Tribute to bring to you, and you alone.
Empresses of Life's pleasures ! at your
feet
I place my little book. Your suppliant
greet
With one approving glance, so shall my
fate
Be blessed all men's above ; for, 't is most
sweet
Triumph to gain that cometh over-late ;
For you I've liv'd, I live, to you I dedicate

What yet of life is mine and this small
tome.

It treats of Flowers, and of their mystic
lore,

Love's lore and their's; and of the sylphs
that roam

Unseen of man, and, all unknown before,
It gives a Language without Words; to
soar

Beyond the mean it teaches, and it shows
How Love may reign triumphant, as of
yore;

How two fond hearts in one embrace may
close,

And Virtue turn to bliss, and laugh to scorn
her foes.

And will it not find favour in your sight,
Best Flowers of God's creation? Oh, it
will!

So may your youthful bloom be ever
bright,

Your noon-day glorious, clear, and sweetly
still

Your later hours; so may every ill

Be far from you, and from all those who
look

Tenderly on you, for your praise shall fill

The noblest cup of bliss that man e'er took,

Nor shall mine enemy joy "because I've
made a book."

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATES.

PLATE I.

Frontispiece, Vide page 135.

PLATE II.

The centre groupe represents the Flowers tied together as a Bouquet ; the surrounding circle as untied and laid open.

The Flowers are of the Summer season.

The two first knots indicate that the Vocabulary Part II. is about to be employed.

THE BAY. represents Figure 9, Vide p. 139.

THE VERBENA ————— 0, ——— 139.

Together, 90, the No. appropriated to the words
“To-morrow,” in the Vocabulary, Part II.

The two knots then repeated indicate that the Vocabulary Part II. is still employed.

THE ORANGE FLOWER represents Figure 6, Vide p. 130.

THE VERBENA ————— 0, ——— 139.

Together, 60, the No. appropriated to the word
“NIGHT,” in the Vocabulary, Part II

The two knots then again repeated indicate as before.

THE MYRTLE represents Figure 1, Vide p. 138.

THE AMARANTH ————— 9, ——— 139.

Together, 19, the No. appropriated to the word
“BETWEEN,” in the Vocabulary, Part II.

The two knots then again repeated indicate as before.

THE MIGNONETTE represents Figure 1, Vide p. 138.

THE MOSS ROSE ————— 0, ——— 139.

Together, 10, from the Numerals appropriated to the
Hours in the beginning of the Vocabulary, Part II.

A single knot is then used indicating that the Vocabulary Part I. is that now employed.

THE HEATH represents Figure 3, Vide p. 138.

THE CHINA ROSE ————— 8, ——— 139.

Together, 38, the No. appropriated to the word “AND,”
in the Vocabulary, Part I.

Two knots are then again used, indicating as before.

THE MYRTLE represents Figure 1, Vide p. 138.

THE MIGNONETTE ————— 1, ——— 138.

Together, 11, from the Numerals appropriated to the
Hours in the beginning of the Vocabulary, Part II.

The entire sentence then reads thus:

TO-MORROW	NIGHT	BETWEEN	10	AND	11.
90, Vocabulary Part II.	60, Vocab. Part II.	19, Vocab. Part II.	Numerals 38, Vocab. Part II.	Part I.	Numerals Vocab. Part II.

PLATE III.

The explanation given of Plate II. will apply throughout.

The sentence signified is

SHALL YOU BE	AT ALMACK'S	NEXT	WEDNESDAY.
197, Vocabulary Part I	1, Vocabulary Part III.	59, Vocab. Part II.	99, Vocabulary Part II.

PLATE IV.

The sentence signified is

WE SHALL BE	AT HOME	THIS	EVENING.
191, Vocabulary Part I.	33, Vocabulary Part II.	84, Vocabulary Part I.	28, Vocabulary Part II.

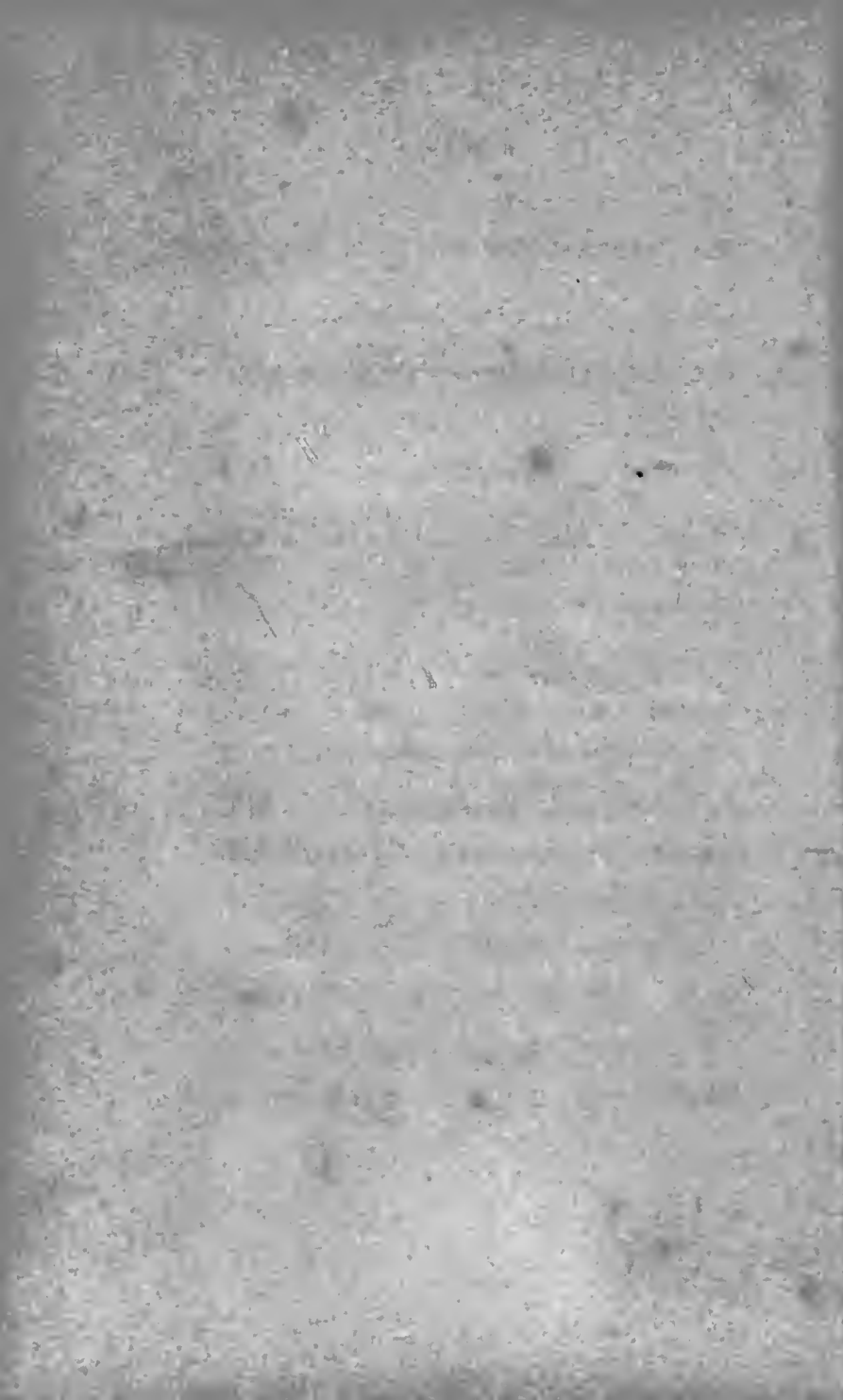
PLATE V.

The sentence signified is

I SHALL BE	AT No. 33	AFTER	THE OPERA.
189, Vocabulary Part I.	Numerals, Vocab. Part II.	30, Vocabulary Part I.	5, Vocabulary Part III.

PLATE VI.

The name FLORA, in Flowers, used as single letters from the beginning of the Vocabulary Part I.



THE
FLORAL TELEGRAPH.

CHAPTER I.

Which 'showeth how the Author fell into a reverie, and what thence fell out.

“MIRACLES will never cease.” The absurd exclamation ! There is but one only and all-pervading miracle—that of the boundless and beneficent creation of the Author of all Good. If Matter has its discovered and undiscovered myriads, which have a

living existence, shall we deny the same privilege to Spirit? Why should not, at this very moment, gorgeous hosts of etherialized beings be hovering around me unseen, and hymning out their joy and their gratitude to the Divine Intelligence, though mortal organs are too gross to catch the delicious harmonies? Let us try the question upon analogy. That this immensity of heavenly though invisible population should rather exist than not, "all Nature cries aloud through all her works," and Reason approves the cry.

But are these spiritualized essences ever audible, visible, palpable, to flesh

on this side of mortality? But a little while ago, and I thought not. I have had a most curious occasion for changing my opinion. I am convinced that when Shakspeare and Pope discoursed so sweetly upon Fays and Faëries, Sylphs and Sylphids, they had had, like myself, some actual manifestation of these sublimated existences.

Ladies, start not; suppress for a moment the smile of incredulity, that hardly becomes your beautifully-curved lips; and, with the condescension that looks so heavenly from female grace, listen and judge. This little book, which I, with an adoration

that trembles while it burns, lay at your feet, is the offspring and the proof of a gentle supernatural agency; and, should this volume bear upon it too strongly the taint of earth, it must have acquired this mark of debasement by passing through my all too unworthy hands.

It was on the 25th of last June, in the year of our Redemption, 1835, that I was sojourning, for a space, at the country-seat of my worthy old friend, Sir Aldobrand Belamour, secludedly but romantically situated in the south of Devon. It was about four hours that the sun had been journeying towards his dark green forest-bed

in the far west, when I strolled into the spacious Flower-Garden of my hospitable host, unattended by aught save the gentle suggestions that were crowding on my imagination, and springing up so rapidly from the beautiful scene around me. I was far from thinking of faëry visitations, or of ghostly greetings from existences in which the mortal and the immortal are so delicately blended. I had no occasion to appeal to the ideal for heart-triumphings, so delicious when we feel ourselves, as it were, alone with our Maker, and with the beautiful among His works. The real, in all the simplicity of their glory, were

around me. I wandered quietly, happily, and gratefully, from Flower-bed to Flower-bed — for, in that fragrant solitude, I never found myself less solitary.

At length, in my musings, I approached a Time-crushed and yet a Time-embellished wall. If the old Destroyer had thrown down some stones, he had covered his injuries with festoons of his own graceful ivy. Of a truth, he had, with his invincible teeth, been gnawing away the battlemented top; but he had crowned it also with splendid coronals of Flowers; and, wherever it was not covered with verdure, it was coated with moss. Of

this wall I had not before known the existence. I traversed some portion of its length, and I then found a massive wooden door, crumbling to dust with neglect and age.

I was about to explore this *terra incognita*, when Sir Aldobrand's white-headed gardener accosted me, respectfully holding his hat in his hand, who informed me that the enclosure had been the favoured Flower-Garden of his master's grandfather; that it had been closed up for nearly a hundred years, mortal foot, for that space, never having invaded its solitude.

Ladies, it is not my intention to write a Romance. I am dealing with facts.

I shall, therefore, omit *his* version of the story of infanticide with which the worthy servant horrified my bosom, and which, he said, was the occasion of its perpetual seclusion from the haunts of men. He finished his tale by intimating to me decidedly, but in the most deferential manner, that he was of opinion that Sir Aldobrand would, if he knew my inclination, take the liberty of debarring my access to this forbidden wilderness of sweets.

That decided me. Ladies, to you there needs no explanation. The impulse for the forbidden, when you and I can see no wickedness in it, we know to be irresistible. And then

the delight of being the first man to enter a place *tabooed* for more than a hundred years !—to say nothing of the satiating of an ardent curiosity to see what hand Nature would make at Floriculture, when left to herself for a century. Was I not strongly impelled?

Before the old domestic was fairly out of sight, I found myself unconsciously poking with my cane against the crumbling door. It seemed, by its yieldingness, to tempt invasion. As I wish, dear ladies, to stand highly in your estimation, know that, in my youth, I carried arms. At the moment that I was thus attacking the gate

10 THE FLORAL TELEGRAPH.

with my cane, I remembered this myself; and, thinking it a very feminine method of carrying on a siege, I was determined to enter by assault. So, gathering up all my forces for a *coup de dos*, I made a charge backwards, with a more than wished-for success: for, though I carried the *post*, which, by the by, fell upon me in my fall, I found myself carried literally into a bed of roses, and, whilst I remained in my recumbent position, I felt that roses have thorns. A huge and beautifully - speckled snake crawled from under me, which, rising upon its coils, seemed at first inclined to do battle with the storming

party ; but a flourish with my cane as I sprang upon my legs proved that the serpent deservedly possesses the character of wisdom. I will not say that he sounded a retreat, for he retreated without making any sound whatever.

Fair daughters of Eve, at once so glorious in your perfections, and so graceful in the use you make of them, would that I could give you an adequate idea of the beauty of the scene that was thus suddenly disclosed to me ! Were it in my power, you would gain an adequate idea of that Paradise that man lost for your first mother, and which, in so many thousand ways,

her fair daughters have given back to him. It is true that your sex have lost us one Eden, but you have given us in return a long succession of mortal angels, that it is now man's fault if he cannot find an Eden every where.

CHAPTER II.

Which sheweth that, after the Author had fallen out of his reverie by falling into the Garden, he met with the strangest inhabitant ever seen since the fall of Man.

Goldsmith's lines —

“ where once a garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows
wild ” —

would not be at all applicable to the spot in which I found myself. It united the wildness of the jungle with the rich beauties of cultivation. Never before had I seen Roses of a form so perfect, or of a size so magnificent. The Garden had been laid out in the

14 THE FLORAL TELEGRAPH.

old-fashioned style of parterres, stone terraces, and avenues of clipped trees, the whole rather populous with Statues, and there were still thirsty Tritons looking down wistfully upon long dried-up Fountains. Honeysuckle and Jessamine had so wound their elegant and flower-bearing tendrils round Apollo's lyre, that its classic shape was hardly visible through this more than classical redundancy of decoration. An envious piece of Ivy had crept up the god's back, and, at length, reaching his sun-crowned brow, had wreathed it round and round with the head-dress of Bacchus, whilst the jolly god himself stood but

a little way off, actually embowered with the tree so sacred to Phœbus, the never-fading Laurel.

The cast of the Medicean Venus was decently if not very gracefully clothed in a dark green dress, relieved by a profusion of red berries. There was a large snail fixed in one of her beautiful down-looking eyes, which I regarded as a profanation so scandalous, that I poked him out with the end of my cane. I thought, as the abomination rustled through the foliage in its fall, upon what vile things will fasten upon beauty, should it be compelled to undergo scorn or be left to neglect. The idea was

painful to me, thus typically shadowed out. From that moment I made a vow to increase, a hundred-fold, my respect and my attentions to the whole sex. Ladies, that vow I have kept.

I must observe, *en passant*, that the nine Muses had been scandalously used. I impute it to the jealousy of that hoary destroyer, Time. The gatherer-in of generations has no greater enemy than these ladies. Whatever *is* saved from this insatiate glutton, is saved by them. Their opponent had taken them at a disadvantage. He had fairly humbled them. They were rotten about the

feet; Terpsichore could no longer point the toe; Urania's globe had fallen shivered to the earth; and her beautifully upturned head, with which she had been so enrapt gazing on the stars, had fallen after it, and both were fast crumbling into kindred dust. Alas, there was not the decimal part of a nose among the whole nine !

Nature had, however, most kindly done her best to cover them in their disgrace, by flinging redundantly over them her many-coloured mantle of herbage.

The stone terraces had still preserved many spots wholly free from

vegetation. I observed, that, in many instances, the garden Flowers and Shrubs had conquered the wilder intruders, whilst too often the rank weeds had surrounded and strangled the rightful owners of the soil with a savage barbarity. Yet was it a most beautiful scene of desolation; and, as I contemplated it, a saddened pensiveness stole over me: I sate down upon the fragment of a broken column, heaviness came upon my soul from the mutilated statues that seemed like white spectres mocking me from their green shrouds, and the dull fragrance of mingled weeds and flowers fell oppressively on my senses.

Woe was on my heart, and I wished that I were a woman, that I might weep. I inclined my head on my hand, as I sate on the ruin, and gradually felt a mysterious awe creep over me.

Let no one outrage my feelings by saying that then I dozed or fell into a syncope, or that I experienced an optical illusion. The sun was still high in the heavens, shedding down a misty yet glorious light ; the insects were still winding their myriads of little horns in the bushes around me ; in no one feature did Nature change her appearance, when this supernatural dread came upon my spirits.

I had just rallied my energies to arise and seek the mansion, and thus rid myself of this creeping despondency, when my eyes were fixed upon a most luxurious profusion of the flower vulgarly called "Love Lies Bleeding." I never beheld it in such quantities before, or with a tint so deeply ensanguined. It seemed to have come close to me, though, of course, I must have approached it unconsciously myself. From out of the midst of this bosomy exuberance of red, I discerned two flowers upon tall and slender stalks — flowers of a species that I had never before seen, though I had devoted so many years to Botany.

The clear and transparent green stalks of these flowers were entwined around each other with two or three volutions, and the chalices or the cups of the flowers lay lovingly together, and there was a blush upon both, as when youth and maiden, for a moment, place cheek to cheek. The shapes of these flowers were extremely classical and elegant; they were in size larger than a tulip, yet they had something of an *urn*-like and funereal appearance. One was a little less in size, and of a more delicate roseate colour than the other.

Yet their beautiful urn-like forms saddened my sad heart still more;

and I thought to myself that, could the ashes of two lovers be subtilized sufficiently, these flowers would make a much more fitting receptacle for them than the sculptured marble of either Greek or Roman. Whilst I was following the melancholy train of reflections arising from this thought, suddenly, from the depths of the flowers, the objects of my contemplations, up sprang two most beauteous butterflies. — Butterfly ! Mean, inappropriate term ! How much I detest the word ! Imago is better — but it sounds pedantic.

Call them what you will, these lovely emanations of joyous Nature

immediately joined in fluttering play ; they, in their flight, encircled each other, now this, now that, the uppermost ; but, although they thus kept on wantoning round and round, their progress was directly upwards, towards the Heavens ; higher and higher they still ascended amidst their playful endearments, until I lost sight of them in the immensity of the blue space. As my eyes were still upturned to the spot where they escaped my vision, I said aloud, “ Then, there may be something in the belief of the ancients concerning the affinity of the human soul and the butterfly.”

“ Assuredly,” replied the sweetest

voice that ever fell on the ear of man.

Startled, I took my eyes from the heavens ; and I beheld, sitting close beside me, a female, too beautiful to belong to mortality. I knew at once that I was in the presence of a supernatural lady. She *was* a lady. Her air would have been worshipped at Almack's, her refinement of look and harmony of gesture would have made queens her pupils, and princes and kings her slaves.

“Madam,” said I, rising, and doing my most amiable bow, “pray, whom may I have the exalted honour of addressing ?”

With all the grace and dignity of the *vielle cour*, she motioned me to be seated. I experienced no alarm, my previous tremours had all disappeared. The hot mist that had hung on the blooming wilderness ebbed away, the freshness of spring was added to the brilliancy of summer, and the sensation of renovated youth thrilled through my frame, as I again placed myself by the side of one who might well be ycleped the Deity of the hour of Sunrise.

CHAPTER III.

Which sheweth in what manner this Lady of the forbidden Garden revealed herself to me, the Author, Horace Honeycomb, Esq., and detaileth her learned discourse upon Flowers.

AFTER the fair and glorious being had seen me comfortably placed beside her, wreathing her sweet countenance into a smile of blessedness, she said, in the modulation of quiet harmony, "My dear Mr. Honeycomb, it is exactly one hundred and seven years, seven months, and seven days—the hours we will not mention, for

what are *they* in your company—since I have been looking for the felicity of this visit.”

At the mention of this long period, I must confess, ladies, that I stole a sheepish look downwards; but, I assure you, at the termination of her gossamer drapery, instead of being shocked with the cloven hoof, I saw the prettiest jewelled little satin slipper that ever covered the foot of beauty. The little of her leg and ankle that she disclosed was symmetry, and symmetry faintly blushing in the most approved rose-coloured tinted hose of the finest silken texture. Upon examining her costume

more closely, had it not been of such ineffable delicacy and fineness, I should have pronounced it to be a morning dress of the purest white, made after the most approved and the latest fashion. There was neither Grecian nor Roman affectation about her. She appeared to be a thoroughly English girl, just laughing herself into womanhood; her rich brown hair clustering over her glorious brow, which ever and anon she shook away with the sweetest, yet coquettish toss of the head imaginable. The complexion was that pure white, deepening by degrees into that intense, but equally pure, carnation,

that art cannot imitate, and yet almost seems too beautiful to be real. I gazed with rapture upon her budding lips, that seemed for ever to be nursing between them an arch smile, and suggested to you the idea of a young love cradled in a just opening rose.

In the ardency of my regards, I am sensible that I lost my manners ; and my heart would have gone after them, had I not remembered suddenly that, peradventure, I might be conferring with a phantom. I turned pale — perhaps, I trembled.

“ Madam,” said I, with all the cautious observance that we are sure to pay to those whom we dread, “ I am

sure that you have the advantage of me, as well in the knowledge of my name as in number of years — the poor child before you is only sixty and three years old. May I be permitted, madam, to hint to you, in the most delicate manner possible, that I was legally baptized, and that there are a few foolish scruples in the members of our church, about holding conversation with a *ghost*."

"A ghost ! bless the dear old man ! What can his good natured, aged heart be dreaming about ? Look me full in the eyes, if you dare. There ; do you see any thing ghostly in them ? Do I feel like a *ghost* ?" And she

playfully caught up both my hands, and, placing either of them on one of her glowing cheeks, laughingly said, "We may use these little innocent freedoms with old gentlemen of three score years and ten."

Than that touch, liquid fire or molten gold might have scorched and burnt up more, but could not have fired with any thing like its sudden intensity. But I confess that I was, notwithstanding my sudden delight, most sensibly piqued.

"Madam," said I, with due formality, "it is not more than two minutes ago that I told you I was no more than sixty and three — an age,

madam, that, in this healthful country, and with a careful liver, may still, in some sort, be termed young. Besides, it does seem to me that a taunt on an honourable increase of years comes but very ill from the mouth of a lady, however girlish her appearance may be, who has been expecting a visit one hundred and seven years, seven months, and seven days. A lady that could wait so long may well permit the odd hours to go for nothing."

"Now, my dear Mr. Honeycomb," said she sportively, "all this is very unkind. If you did but know how I loved you!" clasping together her

little rosy fingers, and showering from her eyes into mine the most tender reproaches. “ Ah, well ! hope is not for me, whilst the dowager lady Mufleton with her fat jointure and her fat — ”

“ May go to the d— ! ”

But, before I could perpetrate the rudeness, her delicate hand had closed my lips. Whilst I was acknowledging the reproof with a kiss of homage on the ends of her fingers, she said, “ Don’t you think it rather dangerous for one so fearful of ghosts as yourself to mention that personage whose name had almost escaped your lips, in my presence ? ”

“Heavens and earth!” said I, again alarmed. “What can *you* possibly have to do with *him*?”

“Very little indeed, I assure you. I spoke for your own sake. I am beyond his power. But there are secrets not meant for your ear. Do you know who I am?”

“Something very delightful, beautiful — seeing you so exquisite *chiffonée*, no doubt but that you have your card?”

She bounded from me with all the grace of the quadrille and the dignity of the minuet; and immediately returned, placing in my hands a bouquet formed of the Flowers, ar-

ranged as they are on the opposite page.

“There,” said she, “is my card ; read it.”

I received the symbol with that profound air of sapience with which a Bishop may be supposed to pore over a difficult Latin quotation, the poor man being conscious the while that he has long forgotten all his classical learning.

“Madam,” said I, endeavouring to cover my ignorance with the solemnity of my phraseology, “the flowers are pretty, but their meaning is occult.”

“It is fashionable to be a little

blue. I have given you the name I bore among the ancients. Those flowers spell FLORA. I am one of the millions who bear that patronymic. Under that title, ages ago, I, among the rest, was worshipped, and miserably profaned, too. I abhor idolatry—the thoughts of their Floral games make me shudder. I was never consenting to those abominations. All that is now happily altered. For the want of a better term, you may call me a Sylph. It will give you the best idea of my nature. I chuse to distinguish myself from all other Floras—and our family is terribly numerous—by the title of FLORIBEL. I

am the presiding genius over the Garden Flowers, more especially the Violet, the Greenhouses, and the Coquetry of this district, a single lady of the most unblemished reputation, and, my dear Mr. Honeycomb, your humble servant."

She finished her address with a courtesy that would have made Noblet jealous, and have thrown Taglioni into despair. I replied to it with my best George-the-fourth-bow; and incontinently, in my most gallant manner, wishing to appear seductive, offered her a pinch of snuff.

CHAPTER IV.

Which sheweth how Floribel imparted to Mr. Honeycomb the History of the Origin of Flowers, and which relateth many other true but incredible matters.

THE fair Floribel, perhaps not perceiving my extended arm, as she swam round with a graceful turn to regain her seat, whisked my tortoiseshell silver-rimmed snuff-box out of my hand, by which, not only all the aromatic atoms were lost, but the box itself disappeared very mysteriously among the high grass.

“Search not for it, my dear Mr. Honeycomb,” said my blooming companion. “It is not worth the finding. How can you possibly delight in the dust of a dead and rank weed, whilst you can regale yourself with a living fragrance rich as is this?” and she plucked from her girdle the only flower about her person, a glowing Rose, and held it towards me. I begged the possession of it, and could only gain it by solemnly forswearing snuff.

From that day to this, the titillating particles have been strangers to my nostrils. Ladies, is not this a proof irrefutable, that the occurrences of

that day, as some vainly pretend, were no delusion of the senses, but the substantive acts of substantial actors? “Now, Mr. Honeycomb,” said Floribel, “oblige me by taking out of your right hand coat-pocket that ample common-place book in which you have commenced your ‘Tour through Devonshire,’ and pass your pencil through the half page that you have already there inscribed.”

At this request, I blushed almost as deep a red as glowed upon her cheeks. I had actually begun my tour in these words: “Devonshire”—But, ladies, as I must confess that you will

find the whole of it in the Gazetteer, I shall not quote it. I crossed out the vile plagiarism, with the shame of a young thief taken in the fact. I suppose that the generality of authors soon rid themselves of this feeling. It must be so, for I cannot otherwise account for the multiplicity of books.

“Thank you, Mr. Honeycomb. Now write down the words that I shall dictate. Let me have no adjective or antithetical flourishes of your own. In the simplicity of diction there is not only the force and beauty of truth, but also the utmost reach of elegance. Write down ‘The Origin of Flowers.’” I obeyed, and wrote.

THE ORIGIN OF FLOWERS.

“ When the parents of mankind hymned forth their grateful praises in the garden of Eden, I and my sisters were not. The Immortal Flowers, that bloomed within that sacred enclosure we never saw. They are to be our rewards hereafter. Our immortality will be spent in a terrestrial paradise, whilst celestial glories will be the lot of more favoured man, when the holy blood of redemption shall have washed him sinless.

“ The offending pair were expelled. The barrier sword of fire waved behind them, and all before was desolate,

and drear, and sterile. For the first time, they heard the winds howl as in anger; for the first time, the cold chilled and the heat scorched them. The rain no longer descended upon them in odoriferous and refreshing dews, but beat savagely, like remorse, upon their woe-surcharged bosoms.

“For many miles they walked silently and sullenly, and apart. Adam’s heart was full of indignation, Eve’s eyes with tears. On their dreary way, the few stunted shrubs that they met with bore no fruit, the barren earth no herbage, and the scanty vegetation no flowers. But their mournful path was not unwatched, their sorrows not

unshared. Hosts of heavenly essences hovered above them, their thoughts praying silently for the afflicted, and all longing to descend to support the tottering steps of the expelled, to speak to them of hope, and whisper comfort to their souls.

“But, as yet, they dared not. Adam was still stubborn in his anger, and Eve, though repentant, offended at her partner’s neglect. As yet, there was no opening, no pretence for the descent of heavenly grace. And the unseen angels hung over them and around them sorrowing.

“Scarcely three hours had they journeyed, when, for the first time since

she arose in perfection from the plastic hand of the Deity, Eve felt weariness. The new and strange sensation entwined itself about her delicate limbs, and seemed to drag her towards the earth. It lay upon her gentle bosom, and oppressed its healthful heaving. It was as a weight upon her brain, and as a faintness on her heart. Then was born that intolerable evil, physical pain. Eve acknowledged the birth with a groan—her tears fell no longer in silence. She wept aloud.

“But, with the harshness of the scene around him, Adam’s heart was hardening. As if driven in upon him from without, evil feelings were con-

centrating in his bosom. He heard ; but he went on his way unheeding.

“ Eve, her mild and beautiful eyes blinded with her tears, marked not the ruggedness of her path ; and, her soul steeped in the bitterness of woe, she regarded not the inequality of her steps. She struck her white and blue-veined foot against a pointed piece of rock, and she bled. The pang from the lacerated flesh shot upwards with a sudden agony through her frame. She looked with consternation and horror upon the new and strange miracle — then, for the first time, the precious stream of life was wasted upon the ground, and the

crimson type of death struck a new-born terror into the bosom of the fair mother of mankind.

“Pale and motionless with fright, she stopped, and exclaimed, ‘Adam, my husband ! save me, or I fall.’”

“He turned, and the revulsion of his feelings shook him almost to dissolution. He rushed towards his beloved, and, while she bent over him and wept upon his shoulder, he knelt at her feet, and bathed the bleeding one with his tears. ‘The holy drops—holy, as they were the offerings of repentance for neglect and hardness of heart, and the wrong to wedded love—mingled with the crimson stream;

and fell upon and fertilized the rock. The Soul of Mercy saw the deed, and was well pleased. A bed of beautiful tender-leaved and white flowers sprang up beneath their feet where they stood. Adam acknowledged the Divine interposition with reverence and gratitude; and Eve and he knelt upon the fragrant carpet and prayed, and blessed the hand which chasteneth with love, and which blesseth even in chastening.

“After they had poured out their thanksgiving for this token that they were not utterly deserted, Eve sate upon the miracle-created couch, and Adam stanchèd the bleeding of the wound with the cool and balmy petals

of the flowers, and health was simultaneous on the application.

“Yet many of the flowers had been tinted with the pure blood of the sorrowing one, in various degrees of intensity. These became the white and red roses of the antediluvian period. Then, they had no thorns. How dreadfully has this still beautiful flower degenerated !

“These were the first of the post-Eden flowers that were created. At the joyous sight, the angelic choristers that had, in grief, watched the penible journey of the primal parents of mankind, burst forth into one universal song of praise to the Dread

Insearchable. They saw the symbol of blood, and trembled while they hoped. In the crimson type they knew of the redemption for sin. They acknowledged that the purest, the most holy, the most divine, must flow, ere Immortality might blossom, and the flowers of Eternal Life descend upon erring man.

“The song floated in ineffable harmonies around the throne of grace, and was acceptable.

“The Powers, the Dominions, and the Angelic Essences, encouraged by the Divine Miracle of the Roses, proceeded to complete the work of goodwill to man. As the now reconciled

and fondly-loving pair, on the following day, resumed their weary course, the guardian spirits that attended them, at every tender expression, every resigned thought, and every pious aspiration, caused to spring up beneath the feet of the wanderers Flowers of every blooming hue, graceful form, and invigorating fragrance.

“Then were first of all called into existence the terrestrially immortal race, of which I am so insignificant a member ;” and here Floribel dropped me, Mr. Horace Honeycomb, a bewitchingly deprecating courtesy. I endeavoured assiduously to bow her into self-conceit.

“ Well, in those patriarchal times,” she continued, changing perceptibly the solemnity of her tone into a much gayer modulation, “ every distinct species of Flowers had its presiding genius, whose office it was to wanton over the face of the earth, and disperse the seed, each of her particular care. Then, then we were a happy race. The angels of the Inapproachable did not then disdain to mingle with us, and to permit our pæans to the throne surrounded with glory to mix with their’s—how are we fallen !”

“ Madam,” said I, with the most amiable *pétit-maitre* air that I could assume, and wishing by the request

to pay a compliment, *selon les usages du monde*, “since your exalted race are such beautiful singers as to be able to take a part with Gabriel in a duet, or with Michael and Azriel in a trio, perhaps you would condescend to favour me, Horace Honeycomb, your slave and admirer, with a little *ariette*.”

“Ah, my dear sir, nothing would have given me greater pleasure, were I in the voice in which I formerly was. But, alas, we all took cold at the flood. We had degenerated, like mankind, and with mankind we were punished. We had a dreary forty days of it. Only a little seaweed to

rest upon. But we deserved it. There were sad goings on at that time, Mr. Honeycomb. Even the angels were not faultless. What, then, could be expected of us, earthly immortals? ‘The Loves of the Angels’ have made some noise in the world, but the Loves of the Flower Sylphs would be glorious. Oh, that I could find some poet worthy to write them !”

“Madam,” said I, “if you would condescend to entrust me with the precious commission, and furnish me with a few of the facts, I think that I could acquit myself respectably, provided that I might be permitted to *do it* in hexameters, after the manner

of Mr. Southey, and in metaphorical books, after the fashion of Dr. Darwin's celebrated Epic."

"A faded nettle for your hexameters," said the lady, turning up her very pretty nose. "If you can acquit yourself but tolerably in plain prose, in conveying to the world what I impart to you, and which is so necessary, at least to the female division of it, think yourself a very exalted old gentleman."

CHAPTER V.

Which showeth the Disasters of the unfortunate Lionel and Violetta, and the cause of the honour done to me, Mr. Honeycomb, in this preternatural visitation of Floribel.

AFTER the rebuff that I received, which I have recounted in the last chapter, I was, for a space, absorbed in a moodiness of temper, much more natural than amiable—natural, because it was the first time, during my long life, that my poetical capabilities in hexameters were undervalued; unamiable, because, in the presence of the ladies, it is incumbent

on a gentleman to repress, nay, utterly to subdue, vanquish, and annihilate, every expression that will not promote their happiness and assist our own, from which arise the seven following notable considerations, which I shall proceed to argue dialectically thus—but, upon second thoughts, I resolve not to expend so much wisdom, in this my communication to the fair; and, notwithstanding their grief, and, peradventure, their frowns, at this great disappointment, I shall proceed with the narrative of the Sylph Floribel, which I take to be the matter just now in hand.*

* I found my labours of excision very manifold just here.—NOTE, BY EDITOR.

“ Well, Mr. Honeycomb,” she continued, “ I assure you, that after the flood we had more than enough to do — resuscitating our drowned flowers all over the world. Ah ! we were a draggletailed set then, slopping about through the slimy mire ; and, what was most *unfortunate* of all, we never could get our respective charges to look up again with their pristine beauty, or to embalm the air with the richness of the antediluvian fragrance. Roses began to wear cankers in their hearts, as well as thorns upon their stalks ; and my *own* dear, sweet Violet, how art thou shorn of thy glory ! Where now

are thy impassioned odours, that formerly ascended towards heaven like the hymn of an innocent child ? ”

“I have then the honour, madam,” said I, very respectfully, “of conversing with the tutelary genius of the Violet—that flower shall be ever dear to me.”

What more I might have said, for I was beginning to be rhapsodical, I know not; but, upon looking into her gentle eyes for the effect of my outpouring, I found them suffused with tears, and then, for the first time, I remarked that, on the iris of each, I saw beautifully and distinctly-delineated a little Violet, glistening, as it

were, through the pearly dew. As I was casting about for some commonplace of consolation, beginning, of course, with "I am truly sorry," her countenance brightened up, and the sun of her joyous mind shone out radiantly from it.

"You know now, Mr. Honeycomb," said she smilingly, "enough of my history to give me your confidence."

"I give it implicitly."

"In return for which I will give you a story, which story will give you the reason for my seeking this interview, which interview will be the means of giving to the world one of the finest discoveries that ever

made man wise or woman happy.
Attend.

THE LOVES OF LIONEL AND VIOLETTA.

“The ancestor of the last two generations of the ancient and more than noble house of Belamour saw, with much sorrow, the name about to expire in his own line, having no other issue but the lovely Violetta, his daughter, by his only and long deceased wife. The family of Sir Eustace Belamour, notwithstanding its great antiquity, and its vast and hitherto unimpaired hereditary possessions, was but the second branch. The other and elder was known under

the dignity of one of England's proudest earldoms. Of course, the family name was still Belamour ; the titular, as it would be but the re-opening of a some-time closed wound to make public, we shall conceal under the fictitious appellation of the Earl of Astleton.

“ It is a pity, and what is still worse, a great reproach to you mortals, that there is scarcely a noble family among you that has not some foolish but undying feud, which estranges brothers, and makes the nearest, and what ought to be the dearest, connexions, a bed wherein to sow the seeds of dissensions, which bring

forth, in due season, their fruits of bitterness and death.

“ This was the case between the Belamours of Astleton and those of the beautiful demesne, upon which I have now resided nearly three hundred years. It is true, I am aweary of the spot, yet do I love it in all its wildness. But my heart pants to be once again among my Violet-beds in sweet Italy ; but, till you, Mr. Honeycomb, have filled up the blank in the page of the book of fate attached to this house, I shall not be at liberty to depart. Think not that I intend to forsake this spot for ever. No ! when the doom is accomplished, and

I have repaired my error by my good works, as I have already washed it out by penance and repentance, this Garden will be again placed under the care of man, and weeds will no longer choke up these unvisited flowers, and totally conceal my favourite Violets from the gladdening beams of the sun.

“I was present at the birth of Violetta, and, from that moment, adopted her as my own.”

“Stop, madam,” said I, “I am under a little dilemma. I mention it with all manner of delicacy. I have hinted to you before that, with the exception of my numerous sins, I

am a good christian. I cannot be made a party to any thing like heathenese: I defy sorcery, the devil, and all his works; and, madam, no offence, I hope, but you will just permit me to say the Lord's Prayer."

She smilingly assented, and I began to recite it aloud, and very piously; but, whether it arose from a distraction of mind, or that the Evil One was permitted, at that moment, to exercise unwonted powers, I know not; for, after I had basely, as it were, made my petition for my daily bread, I stopped suddenly short, and forgot, yea, totally forgot, the divine supplication that ensueth. I assure

the ladies, that the lapse of memory happened not from desuetude ; but, perhaps, it was ordained upon me as a reproof of my evil-minded suspicions ; for Floribel, seeing me fairly at a non-plus, took up the prayer with such a sweet fervency of tone, that methought it was being chanted by a choir of new-born cherubims. This little incident convinced me that I was to be engaged to the commission of no mortal sin. I listened with more complacency, although I remembered me that no great good ever came of the interference of fays and fairies, in the olden time, upon similar occasions. I trust my fair, sweet, and accom-

plished readers will pardon me this digression ; in the first place, because old age is given to digress ; and, in the second place, that they may feel assured that I did not yield my credence to this very singular being, either very lightly or very vainly.

“ Well, Mr. Honeycomb,” she resumed, after a pause that appeared to be one of decent meditation, “ I attended at, not presided over, the birth of the heiress, the first-born, and the last — the blue-eyed Violetta Belamour. The legitimate influence of affinity that it is in our power to use over the actions of mortals I availed myself of, and caused the sweet babe

to be christened after the name of my favourite and entrusted Flower. I was thus, though not nominally, actually, her godmother."

"Bless me!" I then involuntarily exclaimed, "how could ever I have looked upon you in any other light than that of a good christian! Perhaps, my dear madam, as it may chance that I myself may enter into the holy bonds of matrimony, you would not disdain to stand sponsor for my seventh little one. I mention the seventh, as the other six, I am happy to say, are all pre-engaged."

"Most willingly, Mr. Honeycomb, provided always that you do not marry

the widow. Well, I loved this sweet mortal babe with an immortal's fondness. I was ever near her. I sang into her ears sweet songs, that she could hear only in the first dawn of her innocence; and, when her fond parents saw her, as they thought, ceaselessly smile, I was pouring upon her soul the divinest harmonies. During her infancy she never wept. It was a surprise, a miracle, to all but me. How could she weep? Was I not always near and about her? Did I not suggest to her little heart images of continual happiness? She never sickened. It was impossible. It was I who loaded the breeze that fanned

her cheeks with invigorating fragrance of all wholesome flowers; it was I who turned aside every noxious zephyr. I loved her better, yea better, than ever mortal could.

“ In these bowers, in this now desolate garden, I watched her through infancy into the early and the all-beautiful dawn of womanhood. I was ever with her — and with her every thing prospered. My only grief was, that I could not reveal myself to her. But even to this I had my antidote, in feeling how disinterested and unreturnable was the devotion of my love. I joyed to heap upon her benefits beyond the power of return.

“ Sir. Eustace also lived in her smiles, but often sighed that she was not a boy. Yet he loved her not the less. When she had attained the age of eighteen, he began to plot, and ponder, and contrive, in what manner he should preserve his own name in the grandchildren that he hoped to have upon his knees, and to bless before he died. To effect this, he went through that worst of ordeals of agony to a proud man, solicitation ; he humbled himself before the Earl of Astleton, and sought from his numerous sons one who might bear his name to posterity, and wear the brightest jewel as a bride

that ever blessed the destiny of man. What were all other blessings equal to the last !

“ The overtures were condescendingly accepted by the Earl. The young lord, the eldest son, was denied ; but the Honourable Edward Belamour was vouchsafed to the proud and foolish old man, and an estate large enough for a continental province, and a lady fitted for a continent's queen, the bribe for his condescension. Oh, Mr. Honeycomb ! I felt the insult deeply, wickedly felt it. What had I to do with human pride and human vanities of ancestry ! I must needs leave my province of a

silent and loving guardianship ; and the fruits were very bitter. But still, believe me, I was actuated by some better feelings. I knew that the eldest, young Lord Lionel, was worthy, or, at least, as worthy as man could be, of Violetta. Of the Honourable Edmund there was but little said, and that little was far from favourable. He had no glaring vices ; and, as yet, his name was untainted with any direct charge of wickedness. But he was gross in body, and heavy in intellect.—a respectable clown, over which the polish of the gentleman had been imperfectly thrown. He was very good-natured, because he

was always well fed, well housed, and well clothed. He generally appeared cheerful, because he had two all-sufficient reasons for continual laughter—good teeth and want of thought. And this dolt actually came courting the fairy-formed, Hebe-cheeked Violetta — my own god-daughter !

“ Yes, Mr. Honeycomb, he came regularly *a-wooing* in his father’s heavy coach and six. The bumpkin alighted with a whole *parterre* of Flowers in his coat as a nosegay. There, at least, he was accessible to my anger. I withered them the moment he stepped out of his carriage.

“ What Sir Eustace thought of

his intended son-in-law is of little consequence. He treated him better than he merited ; for he fondly hoped that his daughter, when united to him, would polish him into the tolerable, if not into the agreeable. So he sent for Violetta, and told her to fall in love with the Honourable Edmund Belamour, with all decent speed and becoming decorum. She was still to preserve the dignity of her family in the violence of her passion, and to inform him dutifully every evening, after prayers, of the progress of her lover's addresses. This was managing the thing according to the principles of the old school.

Violetta thought it all very strange ; so she sat still, regularly, one hour after breakfast twiddling her thumbs to be made love to, and walked in the Garden two, and rode out three, for the same notable purpose. But the lout was craven—and, in a whole month, got no farther in the chapter of gallantry than drawling out, ‘ Cousin Vi, I declare that, in the carrying of your farthingale, you beat our maid, Cis.’

“ But I persecuted him. I placed the hideous toad in his path, and, in the evening, made the owl hoot at him. As he attempted to walk in state before his mistress, I conveyed

the slimy snail under his heel, and nettles sprang up to receive him as he fell. I led the stinging ants over his legs, if he sat at Violetta's feet, and blistered them. I placed wasps in his nosegays, and bribed a huge hornet with a bee's fresh-taken honey-bag, to sting him on the nose. How I laughed at that ! He was compelled to wear it for fourteen days in a black silken case."

"I could not have thought you half so mischievous," said I.

"More, more — though I knew that I was offending and incurring a heavy after-penance. Ah, Mr. Honeycomb ! a man woos at a dis-

advantage when he wooes with his nose buried in a bread-poultice, though you were to put a gold fringe to the black silk case that covers it—believe me, he does.”

“I do believe you, madam,” said I, instinctively putting my hand to my own.

“Yes, I think I spoilt his wooing. When the tumour was subsiding, I went and collected, from the miller’s stagnant pond, volumes of dank air and marsh-miasma, and, as he slept, discharged them, through the crevices of his bed-chamber doors and windows, full upon his face: and, the next morning, it was swollen like a

gourd. He had been six months at the Hall, and had got no farther than his admiration of Mistress Vi's farthingale.

“About this time, the Earl wrote to his son, that he might be informed of the progress he was making with the lady: he answered thus:

“ ‘HONOURED PARENT,

“ ‘I have duly received your presents. Touching your goodly advice that I should put my best foot forward, in the matter of courting Mistress Violetta Belamour, I humbly reply, that I know not yet which is my best foot, seeing that they are

both alike, without you mean a disparagement to my right one that has the bunion ; which would be, on your part, undutiful and unfatherly. As to my putting a good face on the matter, which you also advise, I am unable, seeing that I have a swelled nose and the mumps. Mistress Violetta is a thought or so pretty ; but has an ungainly knack of tittering when I speak to her. Craving your blessing,

“ ‘ I remain,

“ ‘ Your dutiful but suffering Son,

“ ‘ EDMUND BELAMOUR.’ ”

“ Judging from the young gentleman’s epistolary correspondence,” I

observed, "I should not think highly of his intellects."

"Mr. Honeycomb," said the lady, graciously, "you have made a very sensible remark."

CHAPTER VI.

Which sheweth, that, after the compliment made to me, the Author, how Floribel proceeded to relate the loves of Lionel and Violetta, and what thereafter ensued.

“ You must understand, Mr. Honeycomb, that our power over mortals is limited, indeed.”

“ Pardon me, madam,” said I, gallantly ; “ I am your slave — and who that has seen and conversed with you would not glory in the title !—no longer a term of reprobation, but a title of honour.”

“ It is a pity we are not more often

permitted to make ourselves visible, to enjoy such flattering speeches—our power over mortals is limited, indeed. Long ere the six months had expired, had the means been mine, I would have brought the noble Lionel to supplant the loutish Edmund. I spurned the idea of my Violetta being thought too mean for the eldest born. But, what I could not do, a fatal and a guilty curiosity did for poor Lionel. He made the opening, and thus threw himself, in some measure, under my friendly but misjudging control. He had read his brother's letter, and wished himself to be a witness of his manner of courting, and of the charms

which were to bless its successful issue. He came unattended and in disguise. He hid himself in this garden, almost on the spot where we now stand. He saw Violetta — cursed his ill fate, his brother, himself — and despaired.

“Now was my time. I stole upon him in his desponding reveries. I whispered things into his bosom that he deemed came from the dark caverns of his own heart. But, in his disturbed dreams, I was omnipotent, I was triumphant! With the voice of passion, I detailed to him, one by one, her various, her manifold, beauties. I spoke to him of her fair and sunny hair ; of her brow, purer and whiter

than marble, save where the purple of her soft veins stole through the transparent skin. I took his captive soul, and bathed it in the full and tender glory of her seraphic and violet-tinted eyes. I then showed him the downy cheek, blushing through the mist of its own softness ; and made him gloat on the spot where he could concentrate his whole being in a kiss. Before he had grown mad with the rapture of the thought, I spoke of her parted lips, the arc of Cupid's bow resting and now rising from a rosebud. Oh, then he raved ! Anon, I recalled him from this criminal violence. I bade him look upon the

simple and virtuous dignity of her innocence, to mark the purity that seemed to surround her with a perceptible halo as she moved — and he was awed from passion into worship.

“ Still, through all his varying feelings, the ice of despair lay cold and heavy at his heart. He knew his father’s views, the unswerving purpose of his uncle, and the strict veneration of both for their word. He could not go and openly demand the betrothed of his brother ; but he could not let that brother possess her and live.

“ It was then I stole upon him, and smote the stony incrustation that bound his bosom in despair, and shat-

tered it. I let in the light first, and afterwards the cheering sun of hope. Vanity came to my aid, and she and I spoke thus to the fond youth. 'How glorious would be the achievement to win her by yourself, and through yourself, alone. Woo her, not as the heir to a noble earldom, but as a poor and simple gentleman. When you have thus won her, how glorious will be the victory ! When the deed is done, when Heaven has pronounced its blessing upon the marriage, that of the fathers will not be withheld.' His proud heart replied, 'By the fortunes of my house, this will I do, or I will perish !'

“ With this resolution, to which he acted up nobly, I was foolishly rejoiced. I lent him all the aid in my power, by giving, as much as in me lay, such suggestions to the minds of all parties as would best work out my wish. Lionel procured disguises, assumed the name of Maltravers, and soon contrived—what will not love do? — to gain an interview, a hearing, and a heart ! ’T was then that I gloried in my garden ! Oh, it was to me a proud thing to see these two beautiful beings rove hand in hand amongst my flowers, and stoop over the fragrant beds of my own violets ! Yes, I was then almost as

happy as when my class held uncon-
demned intercommunion with the
angels. I burned to manifest myself
to them. I would have consented to
ten years' imprisonment in the heart
of the knotted oak, to have conversed
with them familiarly for ten minutes.
But the dark and the blood-stained
crisis was drawing near. It was in
vain that I had thrown the summer
mists before the eyes of the house-
hold, that I had made rural noises to
attract away their approaching steps.
They had been discovered, they had
been watched. The purpose of Sir
Eustace was rapid and terrible.

“He knew not the intruder upon his

grounds, the practiser upon the virgin and innocent heart of his daughter. He never asked ; he desired not to know. Peradventure, he deemed that he might be some lowly-born hind. He trembled to make the discovery. He did not reproach Violetta by words, but his manner was cold, and his look stony. He confined her closely, and placed armed men around his domains, with strict orders to shoot all intruders who entered not by the principal avenues ; but to bring him no tidings of whom might fall a sacrifice to his murderous orders.

“ He then announced to the Earl, his brother, that the marriage would

take place on the day week from the confinement of Violetta. Kindred and connexions were entreated to grace the ceremony with their presence. All was bustle at the old Hall—there, there, was every thing in which the heart of man delighteth, but happiness. All obeyed the invitation, excepting Lord Lionel. Poor wretch! too well he knew the progress of events that was driving him to destruction. Despite the vigilance of the watchers, he stole into this garden in the dead of night, and flung himself, in the bitterness of his despair, at the foot of that statue of Flora, and cooled his burning brow with the dews

that hung thickly in pearly beads upon the humble grass beneath it.

“ But his agony was too intense to be enduring. Pain brought faintness, and faintness sleep. Then I had fatal authority over him. I called upon him to arouse, and be a man ; entreated him to be as true to himself as was his mistress to him. I spoke to him of her frantic grief, of her horror at the holy violence about to be perpetrated, of her breaking heart, and quickly approaching dissolution. I bade him write to her the following morning, and showed him the very spot to which her confidential servant repaired every day ; that a letter

placed there must reach her, and that there her answer could be conveyed. I told him that iron bolts were but as stalks of burnt straw, and even chains of brass but as the ashes of flax at the touch of gold. Then, in his dream, I pointed out to him his rapturous and triumphant flight with the lady of his love ; their short and pleasant sojourn in a foreign land ; and, finally, the blissful reconciliation between fathers and children ; and the crowning felicity of the parental blessing. Then I drew him such a sweet picture of domestic bliss, that he wept tears of rapture in his sleep.

“ He was roused, re-animated. He

arose, and, like the young lion, shook off the dews that hung about his forehead. He went to sleep a desponding coward, and he awoke a hero. He returned unnoticed to his lair in the neighbourhood, and wrote the ominous letter that I had suggested. Ere the day broke, he had placed it with a bag of gold on the intimated spot. The sun had not been two hours high, before Lelia, Violetta's cherished and faithful maid, repaired to the place. She took up both the letter and the gold. She understood it: but, alas, as she was about to convey it, with a religious faith, to her beloved mistress, she was accosted, and both

scroll and gold violently plucked from her. Poor, attached maiden, she, too, had been strictly watched. The letter was taken to the angry father, carefully and treacherously opened and read, and the gold distributed among his bribed emissaries.

“Woe, woe, is me ! That letter told all, all save the rightful name of the lover. It was signed Lionel Maltravers. It indicated the midnight hour, and the very spot in this enclosure where they were to meet. It spoke of trusty adherents, and of two mighty coursers, fleet as the thoughts of love. And the gold was to have opened the doors. They were too

tragically opened by another power. The bolts were withdrawn, and the locks shot back by parental authority.

“The love-breathing but ominous letter was artfully re-sealed, and conveyed, by his orders, and through the instrumentality of the affrighted Lelia, to the deceived Violetta. She read, she hoped, she trusted, she was betrayed. The overawed menial took her answer to the appointed spot. It contained gall and wormwood for Sir Eustace, a joyful accedence to the elopement. It mentioned but slightly the non-arrival of the needful gold, as she would herself supply what

was wanting to bribe the few that were likely to impede her progress. She bade him, amidst a labyrinth of the honeyed words of a chaste love, not to fail her at midnight at the try-sting place. But other and unbidden guests were to be there.

“ This answer, so propitious, was received, and Lionel was wild with joyous anticipations. An hour before midnight, there were two noble steeds duly caparisoned in the neighbouring wood, and a small retinue of men, steel to the heart, to form a meet escort to the flying lovers. The horses pawed the ground with vain impatience, and vainly did those

good men and true examine their arms, and wait through the long, long night.

“Lionel had already gained this spot, when Violetta, having attired herself suitably for a long and rapid journey, and placed about her person much that was valuable in precious stones, proceeded from her chamber, and found, in her passage through the long corridors, every door unbarred, and every warder absent or asleep. Even to the heavily ironed postern-gate, there was no other fastening but the latch, and the chain hung carelessly and loosely across it. She removed it with ease, and found herself on the

grounds, her father's halls behind her, the vault of heaven fire-bespangled with myriads of stars above her, and hope, and life, and love, before her.

“Conscious that she was flying from sin and sacrilege, in an accursed and forced marriage, she trod firmly, and her step was elastic with youth and the excitement of doing a high and virtuous deed. It is true, that she brushed away one starting tear to the memory of her father; but she anticipated from that father not only an early forgiveness, but also a sincere benediction upon her marriage of principle and of love.

“I see her moving over the lawn,

I see her enter the gate behind us. Mr. Honeycomb; I cannot go on. What ensued was too dreadful ! And yet it must be told. Her cruel father, armed to the teeth, hung upon her steps like the bloodhound upon the track of the innocent fawn ; and her ferocious lover came stealthily behind her like a craven assassin.

“ I saw all this in the very madness of agony. I could not—it was denied to me — break the enchanted circle that separates me from mortality. I saw my dreadful work — my instigation of the accursed letter. I saw, and could not prevent it. It was the work of my hands ; these

hands were then dyed with innocent blood. The lovers were in each other's arms when the gripe of Edmund was on his brother's throat, and the long, fair hair of Violetta was enwreathed round the muscular arm of her ferocious parent, as he plucked her forth from the embrace of her beloved.

“‘Die, villain!’ roared out the infuriated father, as he presented his heavy pistol to the breast of the nearly strangled Lionel.

“‘Lionel, to thee!’ shrieked out the daughter, as, plunging forward and leaving her long tresses plucked up by the roots in the left hand of

her father, she flung herself upon the bosom of her lover.

“The deadly shot passed right through her, and lodged in the heart of Lionel. They fell and died together.”

Poor Floribel, overcome by the horrible nature of her recollections, bent down her head even unto her knees, and wept in the very spirit of wretchedness. I fell a-crying also, but I do not think that she saw me ; so I care not ; besides, tears are not very visible through a pair of dark-green spectacles, which I had unconsciously put on, when I found that the lady was growing pathetic.

Just as I was again commencing my usual consolatory phrase, "Madam, I am truly sorry"—she started erect from her recumbent position, and with a wild spirit in her eyes she thus continued :

"It was my error, it was mine ! I slew them, my beloved children. What had I to do to prompt them to write letters ! But my repentance has been severe, my penance bitter.

"As the beautiful in death lay beneath the eye of the murderers, the horror-stricken father exclaimed, 'My God, my God ! have mercy upon my soul ! for I have slain my daughter !' and the stupified Ed-

mund howled forth, ‘Alack, I have assisted to murder my brother.’

“Thy brother, was it thine? Was it the noble, the good, the gentle Lionel, the first-born, that loved my Violetta? Jesu, had I known but this! Out, hound! away! Leave my presence—I scorn you! You a Belamour! My heart disowns, loathes you. Oh Lionel, Lionel, had I but known this!

“‘Well,’ said the rebuked clown, ‘Sir Eustace, throttling a brother is not, after all, so bad as murder outright, and a plucking out a daughter’s hair from her head, and shooting her afterwards. However, the soonest

said the least mended ; so, Sir Eustace, with my service to you, I humbly crave to take my leave.' And the newly made lord rode home to his father, and, within the month, made Cicely a lady.

“ Old Sir Eustace lived just long enough to build for the slain lovers a costly marble monument in the adjacent church, and to see his hair grow suddenly white, from grief ; and then he was laid in an humble tomb, at the foot of the superb mausoleum that contained the ashes of his daughter and her lover.

“ But, sir, do you see that spot where the *Love-lies-bleeding* is so

profuse, and so intense in its colour ? that is the real tomb of my adopted children. It was there that their commingled life's blood was shed. It was that little spot of earth that drank up thirstily their precious blood, when it was warm, nay, instinct, with life and love. And that is the monument ; those rich, stately, and peculiar flowers that rise in the midst of the more lowly floral groups, and which I saw you so attentively contemplating when I did myself the honour to address you."

Here again a change came o'er the spirit of my dream I shall not say, because it was no dream, and that

I will protest to the last day of my existence; but certainly a change came o'er the spirit of my companion; for she was no longer the tender and the bereaved beauty, mourning for her beloved ones, but the intrepid and satirical coquet; for, when I asked her if the two bewitching butterflies that I saw arising from out the petals of the Flowers were the souls of Lionel and Violetta, she actually gave me, Mr. Horace Honeycomb, a very considerably painful slap on the right cheek, the concussion whereof actually threw my dark-green spectacles from off my nose into the high grass, and they, like

my snuff-box, were never afterwards found.

On receiving this favour, she asked me, rather saucily, if I supposed that she was there to enter with me into disputes on divinity. Now, I hold this not only to be unjust, but not a little impertinent; for, at the commencement of this veracious narrative, I have already told my fair and lady readers that when I exclaimed, "Then there may be something in the belief of the ancients concerning the affinity of the human soul and the butterfly!" this said Floribel did actually reply to me, "Assuredly." But, however, at this behaviour, I am neither

very angry, nor very much surprised, for, in matters of mere consistency, I always grant a great license to the ladies.

“Madam,” said I, after the afore-said infliction, “whenever beauty chastises me, I always kiss the rod,” whereupon, with much gallantry, I imprinted a salute upon the back of her tiny little hand.

“Very well, Mr. Honeycomb,” said she, “I rejoice to see you take correction so gratefully. It encourages one. But see, my worthy friend, the sun has not more than one hour’s reign to-day, and I have yet much to say to you.

“For my art and part in the melancholy transactions that I have just described to you, a power much stronger than mine first of all condemned me to imprisonment within the verge of this Garden, until I had made expiation for my fault, and, at the same time, instigated Sir Eustace to shut up this place, and to leave in his will orders that his heirs, collateral branches of the same name and house, should respect the injunction. My expiation is made. You, Mr. Horace Honeycomb, are the happy man predestined to promulgate to the world — May it make your name illustrious !

“Hitherto, I see that you have been recording, in that book of your’s, your own remarks as well as mine. That is wrong. You may be a very pleasant gentleman, but what does the world care for what you think or say? As the use of letters caused all the miseries of Violetta, I have invented another method of correspondence. Now listen to me and record, so shall my imprisonment in this desert be no more, and shortly this place be no more a desert. Write as follows to the ladies.”

CHAPTER VII.

Which sheweth how Floribel dogmatised upon Flowers, and displayed her invention to me, Mr. Horace Honeycomb.

“ Mr. Honeycomb, say thus to the ladies :

“ As Flowers are to be the subject of my theme, ought not then my style to be flowery ? but there is also mystery in my communications. I would whisper my secret into every several ear, if such could be — should not, therefore, my style be enigmati-

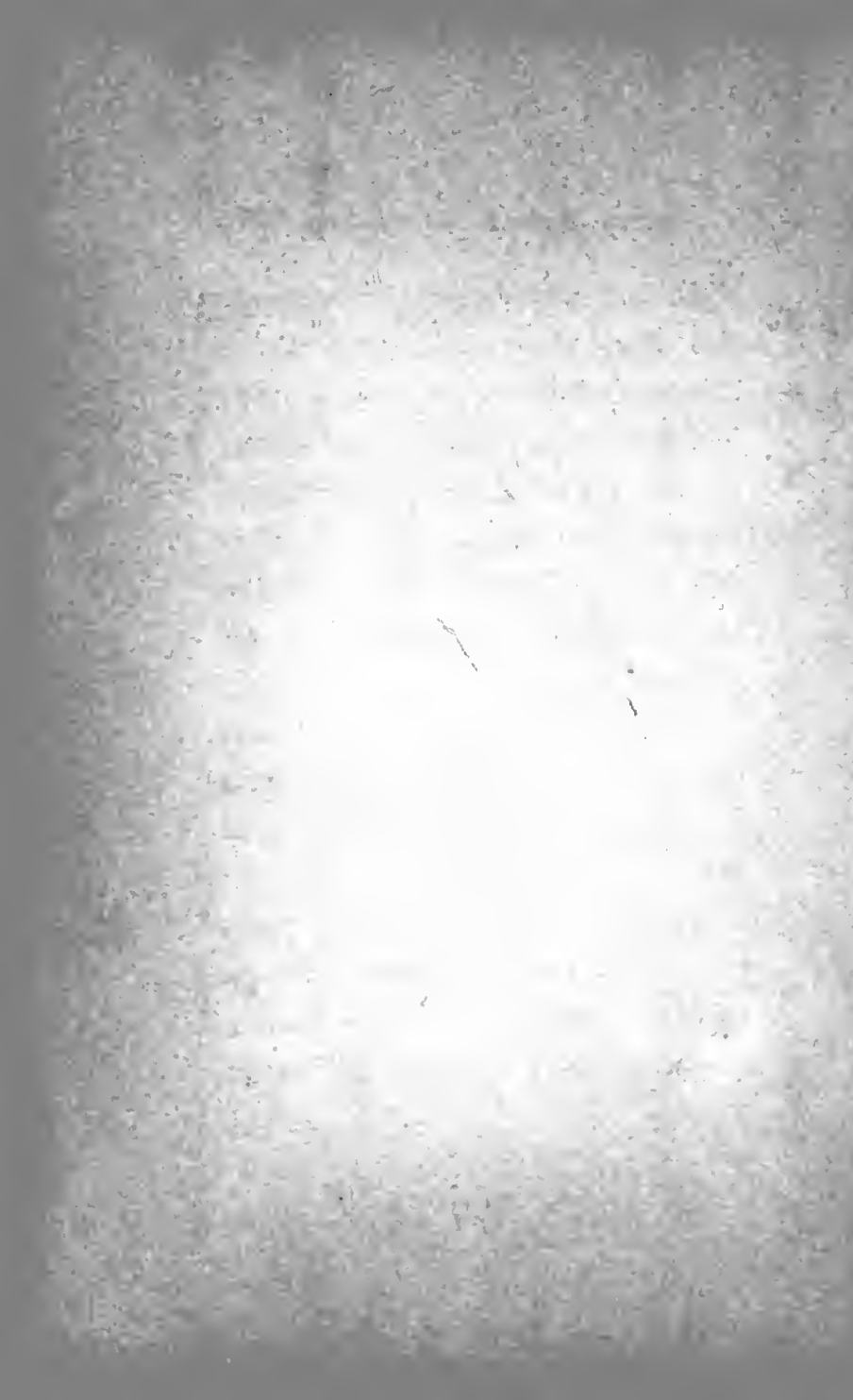
cal? To please some, it should be lively, and I would fain please so favourite a portion of my readers — to please others, it should be learned; for even learned ladies may not, perhaps, disdain to take advantage of the precepts of this little book. But, in attempting to please all, I may, perhaps, please none — this is an awkward predicament, and I must, therefore, indulge the hope that, although the opening address may not prove wholly satisfactory, the advantages to be derived from the *Telegraph of Flowers* may plead for the imperfection of my style.

“First, then, let me observe, pre-

suming that you are versed in Mythological lore, that the fable of Cadmus, who killed the serpent and saved its teeth, which teeth, if we follow up the fable, are asserted to have sprung up into armed men, who slew each other, is but a type of the invention of Writing.

“The teeth are the letters of the alphabet, the armed men are the written controversies which have taken place since the Devil and Dr. Faustus invented those types, which have set the world in array against itself. Words are but air, and are carried away, where the wind listeth, until the fluid no longer vibrates with





their component sounds, so words are but agitated air and resolve themselves into nothing, so soon as they have performed their ephemeral duty. It was, therefore, before the time of Cadmus that we may date the Golden Age ; then, what was uttered in haste might be too far distant for hearing.

“ Then, Slander was without wings, and crept like a Serpent on the ground or coiled herself up in her form—then, what was said might be unsaid or explained away, as parts of speech now are in the House of Commons, through the intervention of the Speaker. Then, differences

might be made up, and, unless it had been clearly proved that one fair Dame had called another 'ugly,' even Rival Queens might offer and receive the Kiss of Peace. Happy, happy Golden Age, when people might eat their words, and no one knew their letters. But, when Cadmus brought forth his invention, ushered into the world with such an accumulation of typical horrors, the Golden age was gone ; still the labour of Manuscript writing, and the few who knew how to write, did not allow the poison to disseminate too widely. It was the Silver Age of Papyrics, and styles, and plates smeared with wax,

vellum, and illumination, and, thanks be to Heaven, the major part of the world were still in a blessed state of ignorance. But, when the Devil and Dr. Faustus put their heads together, and invented the cursed and abominable art of Printing—when old clothes were, by their magic, resuscitated into clean white paper — when ink, atramental ink, was poured forth like the poison from the fangs of some venomous monster — when the posterity of the Geese which saved Rome thought proper, in their folly, to ruin later generations by consenting to be plucked — then came the Iron Age, which is now at the zenith of its

horrors, proved by the eternal steam-working of the press, by the invention of Iron pens, and by the folly to be wise, which pervades all classes, from the universities to the infant schools.

“Poets are said to indulge in fiction, and surely no Poet ever lied so much as Pope when he sang

‘Heaven first taught letters for some wretch’s aid,

Some banish’d lover, or some captive maid ;

They live, they speak, they breathe what Love inspires,

Warm from the heart and faithful to its fires.’

‘Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.’

This may be very beautiful, but is it not false as beautiful ?

“Let us reflect for one little minute, if I can persuade the fair ones I address, to reflect for so unheard of a period. What is the letter-box but Pandora’s box, without even hope at the bottom? Out of the thousands and thousands of the communications which are daily disseminated from the General Post Office, that great Aorta which pours forth its mischief by its ramifications, like the arteries and veins of the human body throughout the body politic—I say, only reflect a minute, and then tell me out of the thousands of written communications dispersed through this country by penny, two-penny, and general-post,

as well as through the colonies and continent, per steam packets and sailing packets, man of war's bags and ambassadors' bags, how many are there out of the thousands which do not contain some unpleasant communication, some tale that were better left untold ! One is from Mademoiselle Triand, or Madame Carson, requesting her *little* account to be settled ; another from Howell and James, about a certain diamond necklace not yet paid for — in fact, one half are from Tailors, Milliners, Artificial Flower Makers, Plumassiers, Perfumers, *et hoc genus omne*, who are permitted by the goodness of Provi-

dence to administer at the Altar of Beauty.

“In family matters, the Post is equally annoying. An uncle who is better than ever, and will not die — a godmother who has died and forgotten all her promises, not only made at the font, which were excusable, but made when she parted your youthful tresses, and talked about her will — a suitor who has forgotten to propose, and starts for a Continental tour — an elder sister, disappointed in her expectations, and not, as you expected, removed out of your way — a younger brother, with a debt of honour — a long besieged

Nabob without children, who marries his cook, and a foolish father, who announces his return with a second and beautiful wife as your step-mother—all this comes by post—and those appalling two super-positive raps at the hall door are, now-a-days, enough to throw a lady into a syncope. I do not wish to be harsh, but what is to become of the Postmaster General, of Sir Francis Freeling, and of the whole tribe of secretaries, I will hardly venture to mention. I should be sorry to be in their places when they are called to their account, and will have to receive all the return *raps* which have been given by their

instigation during their administration. Will they not be nailed like *raps* to the devil's counter as they deserve, never more to obtain their liberty; but, spinning round and round like cockchafers on a pin, even faster than the two-penny postman goes his rounds. The syllable *cad*, which is an abbreviation of *Cadmus*, has, from the annoyance and mischief created by him, now become a component part of most things disagreeable. Why are the hated letters, C A D, to be found in that most disagreeable of all places to youth; an *a—cad—emy*? merely because it points out the abominable torture to

which youth is subjected in those Cadmean dens. Why is Mercury the god of thieves, and a true type of a twopenny postman, furnished with a *cad-uceus*? Why, when they wish to represent a person who is disgusting, do they style his face *cad-averous*? Why is that unfortunate wretch, a younger brother, called a *cadet*? Nay, why have those fellows who attend the street coaches and omnibuses obtained the sobriquet of *cads*, but because they attack you, seize you, and are as sharp as the serpent's tooth, sowed by the aforesaid hero of mythology, who has created such confusion in this world?

Had I time, I might prove most undeniably that one half of the evils of existence arise from the invention of Ink, and the other half may safely be ascribed to the resurrection of paper. A man once told a learned man that he thanked God he could not read. 'You thank God for your ignorance,' said the man of letters. 'I do,' replied he. 'Well, then, you have much to be thankful for,' said he. These were the only two true philosophers that I ever heard of; but he who confessed himself ignorant was the greater philosopher of the two.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Floribel continueth to exclaim against universal education, and states by what means she hit upon her valuable discovery.

“IF you are not afraid of spoiling your eyes by so much reading, once more incline them, and let your memory treasure up my words. This little work has been indited, that I may procure a substitute for the dangerous use of the pen, and the more dangerous universality of education, by which fathers and mothers now know how to read.

“What a pity it is that, in this

world, there must be such a thing as space, to afford room more than enough for all. If it were not for this space, there would be no distance, if there were no distance there would be no need of letters, and you would have no occasion to trust your thoughts and feeling to the treachery of the world, to the variety of posts, to the infinity of footmen and lady's-maids, who all can, and, unfortunately, all will, read. There certainly was a great error at the formation of the world, in allowing space to have any thing to do with its composition ; but I had nothing to do with it — I was not even consulted.

“One of your poets was fully aware of the error committed, when he made his hero apostrophize as follows :

“Ye gods, annihilate both Time and Space,
And make two lovers happy !”

Alas ! the poor fellow demanded what would occasionally be extremely convenient, but what even the gods of that time could not well accomplish. As, then, we cannot get rid of these first principles, the wisest point to be ascertained is, whether we cannot, even under such disadvantages, to a certain degree, obtain security. How many fracas between married couples have been created by the uncertainty of communication, and a trifling mis-

interpretation of indelible black and white ! How often has a fond maiden been locked up in her room because a *billet-doux* has been intercepted !—unjustifiable cruelty !—has even been hurried down into the country and buried there, during the height of the season, with a ticket for Devonshire House lying on the table at the very moment she is forced weeping into the carriage ! How many happy runaway matches have been prevented ! How many sweet little liaisons have been nipped in the bud by the frost of propriety, which would have blossomed unseen and sheltered by the dewy wings

of love! Alas! then we require security; but where shall we find it? Sealing-wax is no security, oaths are no security, locks are no security, honour is no security; gold will not purchase security. How, then, are we to contrive that

“Security may bolt her door?”

It was to obtain this invaluable antidote to space and all its attendant evils, to discover this one thing wanting; this key-stone to the arch of the bridge, by which there might be a safe communication between you and your fondest wishes; that my spirit put many a girdle round the earth, and at last discovered the prin-

ciple which in this work I have perfected. But, ladies, you must not suppose that at this time my corporeal imprisonment ceased. It was only the finer particles of my spirits that were permitted to make this pilgrimage.

“It was ‘in the land of the East, in the clime of the Sun,’ having been located in the garden of a rebellious Pacha, that I watched the lattice of a Harem, as it gently opened. I perceived the small henna-tipped fingers extended; a bouquet of flowers was seized, and the lattice as suddenly closed. I passed into the bower; and watched the dark-eyed maiden, as she lay reclined upon the otto-

mans of gold. Beauteous indeed she was, and arrayed in all that wealth could furnish to adorn such beauty ; but diamonds found no lustre, pearls were as dross. All that art could offer, and which was profusely scattered round her chamber, had no power ; her eyes were fixed, were fascinated by the simple bouquet which was beyond all price ; for Love had culled each flower, and Memory pointed out to her the feelings which they would impart.

“ Again and again did she read it over — sighed, and placed them in her bosom, and fell into a sad and pleasing reverie, and I also mused

at what I had beheld. Yes, thought I, she is happy, for what more could she wish for in her ignorance? The Carnation tells her of her lover's pure and ardent passion, that bright blue flower assures her of his constancy—the pendant Fuchsia, that her charms are engraven on his heart—the sweet Helena of the many tears he has shed—and the Maiden hair promises and demands discretion.

“Imperfect as is the communication, it is sufficient for the intercourse and exchange of feelings which the first meeting will crown with happiness; but what would such imperfect lan-

guage avail the fair and cultivated daughter of the West? Alas! it would be worse than nothing. It would but raise hopes and fears, doubts, suspense, and trepidation; for, where concealment is unnecessary, the gentleman might mean nothing after all, and if he does mean any thing, has he not a decided method of expressing his real intentions? When secrecy is required, it would prove but tantalizing and unsatisfactory. ‘*On ne viendroit jamais au bout.*’

“Now, thought I, could it not be contrived that all the impenetrable mystery of yon bouquet should be

retained and yet the language be as plain as the more dangerous *billet-doux*? What a present were this for the fair daughters of Albion!

“I summoned Invention, I consulted with Experience, I meditated with Science, I trifled with Fancy. To Triumph the secret was unravelled, and my task was accomplished. In commemoration of my success, I have added, Mr. Honeycomb, the bouquet to your heraldic crest, which before was a gilded snake. Observe how gracefully he encircles and entwines himself around the Flowers.*

* See Frontispiece.

CHAPTER IX.

Which maketh known to the Author, and the Author to the world, her wonderful Invention, thereby redeeming herself from her penalty.

“I SHALL now, ladies, proceed to an explanation of this secret, and shall afterwards point out its invaluable properties. Observe, I have made a selection from the flowers of every season, that ladies may never be at a loss during the whole 365 days and a fraction, which compose that year you are so anxious to hasten on,

when you feel too big for the school-room, and so anxious to retard when you discover that time goes on and you do not go off. I have taken the figures used in arithmetic, with which you have, of course, some little acquaintance — alternately delighting in or detesting them, as you in the one instance count out your quarter's allowance, or pin-money, or, in the other, turn pale at the sum total of your milliner's bill. I have appointed each of these little gentlemen to the command of a regiment of Flowers, which I will now order out in review before you.

FIGURE 1

commands, or is represented by, in

SPRING,	SUMMER,	AUTUMN,
Sweetbriar	Mignonette	Stock
Narcissus	Sweet William	Lobelia.
WINTER,	GREENHOUSE,	Among WILD HERBS.
Aconite	Myrtle	Buttercup
Rosemary	Schizanthus	Parsley.

FIGURE 2.

SPRING,	SUMMER,	AUTUMN,
Primrose	Rose, not Moss or China.	Wallflower
Heart's-ease	Orchis	Potentilla.
WINTER,	GREENHOUSE,	Among WILD HERBS.
Laurestine	Geranium	Field Daisy
Snowdrop	Acacia	Marjoram.

FIGURE 3.

SPRING,	SUMMER,	AUTUMN,
Violet	Pink	Honeysuckle
Persian Lilac.	Forget-Me-Not	Thrift.
WINTER,	GREENHOUSE,	Among WILD HERBS.
Holly	Heath	Speedwell
Mezereon	Calceolaria	Thyme.

FIGURE 4.

SPRING,	SUMMER,	AUTUMN,
Crocus	Carnation	Salosa
Azalea	Kalmia	Fern.
WINTER,	GREENHOUSE,	Among WILD HERBS.
Arbutus	Fuchsia	Chickweed
Colchicum	Daphne	Rue.

FIGURE 5.

SPRING,	SUMMER,	AUTUMN,
Tulip	Jasmine	Chrysanthemum
Periwinkle	Larkspur	Mimulus.
WINTER,	GREENHOUSE,	Among WILD HERBS.
Box	Camellia	Mallow
Evergreen Oak	Cineraria	Mint.

FIGURE 6

commands, or is represented by, in

SPRING,	SUMMER,	AUTUMN,
Polyanthus	Sweet Pea	China Aster
Ranunculus	Scabius	Persicaria.
WINTER,	GREENHOUSE,	Among WILD HERBS.
Snowberry	Orange	Daffodil
Ivy	Oleander	Fennel.

FIGURE 7.

SPRING,	SUMMER,	AUTUMN,
Hyacinth	Convolvulus	Candytuft
Blue Bell	Columbine	Coreopsis.
WINTER,	GREENHOUSE,	Among WILD HERBS.
Laurel	Heliotrope	Ragged Robin
Portugal Laurel	Coronilla	Balm.

FIGURE 8.

SPRING,	SUMMER,	AUTUMN,
Hepatica	Lupine	Lavender
Lily of the Valley	Poppy	Maurandia.
WINTER,	GREENHOUSE,	Among WILD HERBS.
Phyllerea	Balm of Gilead	Dog Rose
China Rose.	Cyclamen	Chamomile.

FIGURE 9.

SPRING,	SUMMER,	AUTUMN,
Anemone	Campanula	Amaranth
Almond	Daisy	Dahlia.
WINTER,	GREENHOUSE,	Among WILD HERBS.
Christmas Rose	Diosura	Ground Ivy
Bay	Pentzia	Sage.

FIGURE 0.

SPRING,	SUMMER,	AUTUMN,
Syringa	Moss Rose	Marvel of Peru
Cowslip	Phlox	Clematis.
WINTER,	GREENHOUSE,	Among WILD HERBS.
Cypress	Verbena	Nightshade
Pyrus Japonica	Ixia.	Basil.

“Now that you have inspected them, I will show in what their duty will consist, and you will find that they not only will perform the duty of orderlies, to carry your messages, but will also mount guard against surprise.

“By referring to the latter part of this little book, you will find a Vocabulary of words, to each of which there is a number attached.

“This Vocabulary is divided into, Part I, Part II, and Part III; that it might not be necessary to raise the numbers affixed to the words above three figures.

“Such are the materials; now we will proceed to show in what manner they are to be made use of. Take any

sentence or question you may wish to ask ; for instance,

“‘ We shall be at home this evening.’

“Look over the Vocabularies, and you will soon find out the words ; at the beginning of Part I the words most likely to be required are placed that you may not use more than two figures ; the same arrangement is observed in Part II. After the most necessary words in Part I are placed the auxiliary verbs, then the words follow alphabetically in each Part ; once reading them over will put you in possession of the arrangement, and you will have no difficulty in finding any word that you may require. We have chosen the sen-

tence — ‘We shall be at home this evening.’ By referring to the Vocabulary in Part I, among the auxiliary verbs we shall find, ‘We shall be’ is No. 191 ; ‘at home,’ is in Part II, opposite No. 33 ; ‘this,’ in Part I, No. 84 ; and ‘evening’ is in Part II, No. 28.

“ You have then four numbers to express the sentence, and this sentence is to be expressed in a bouquet. By referring to the Table of Flowers, we find that there is a variety of Flowers expressing one arithmetical figure. In this example we will mostly use those which are to be found in the Conservatory at all seasons of the year. Take a long thread of silk, and, at one end, tie a loop to point

out that the communication is to be read from that end. You then commence, observing that if you use the words in Part I of the Vocabulary, you only tie one knot on the silk, before the numbers expressing each several word or words. If you use any words in Part II, you tie two knots; of Part III, you must tie three knots; this is the *knottiest* part of the whole explanation. The numbers expressing the sentence are:

VOCABULARY,

Part I.	Part II.	Part I.	Part II.
---------	----------	---------	----------

● 191	● ● 33	● 84	● ● 28
-------	--------	------	--------

The ● ● express the knots before each number, to point to the parts of the Vocabulary.

“ You first tie your loop, then one

knot to point out that the first No. is in Part I of the Vocabulary. The first No. is 191. Look at your list of Flowers corresponding to the arithmetical figures, and select for instance—

1. Myrtle.

9. Bay.

1. Myrtle.

Tie them in rotation, with an overhand knot on the silk, separately knotted, but without any knot between them; the next, No. 33, being in Part II Vocabulary, you tie two knots before you tie the Flowers representing the No., for which we will take two Pinks. The next, No. 84, is in Part I; you, therefore, tie



Platē 4.



one knot before it, and take the Lavender and Fuchsia to represent the figures. The last, No. 28, is in Part II; you, therefore, tie two knots on the silk before you attach to it the Geranium, and then the Cylamen, which Flowers represent the figures. Look at the drawing.

“ When you have completed your sentence, all you have to do is to gather up the Flowers into a bouquet, and tie them with another piece of ribbon, thread, or silk; the person to whom it is sent will untie it, spread it on the table, and, by means of the Vocabulary, read your communication.

“ And now I must offer a few remarks. Of course, the contents of

this book are public ; if, therefore, you would secure secrecy, you may obtain it in two different ways :

“ 1. By altering the Flowers which express the figures according to any arrangement made between you and the party addressed.

“ 2. By altering the numbers affixed to the words in the Vocabulary.

“ If you wish still further security, you may alter *both*.

“ It may occur that you may wish an answer in the affirmative or negative to any communication, when it may not be possible to speak or send ; as, for instance, a lady in her carriage with her mamma may wish to obtain this knowledge from a young man on horseback ; if so, recollect that a **Rose**

held up in the hand is the affirmative, and a piece of Geranium is the negative — unless you should make this distant communication a secret as well as the rest, by agreeing together upon other Flowers.

“It may be thought that a long communication would render the bouquet too large, but this will not be the case if the Flowers be tied up very tightly. Should it, however, appear too bulky, you have an easy remedy, which is, to put occasionally very small sprigs, which will denote the figures they represent just as well as larger ones, and, when all tied up together, will not appear of a disproportionate or an inelegant size.

If you wish numerals to give the

direction of a house, &c., you must use the Flowers as denoted in the list common to the numbers required, and, in the same knot by which each Flower is tied, tie with that Flower in duplicate: for instance, in expressing No. 31, taking the greenhouse plants, you would use two pieces of Heath and two pieces of Myrtle, the two first in one knot and the two second in another. In this case you would use Part I. of Vocabulary, with one knot before the word or number.

“ Thus is my secret explained, fair ladies; and I trust that it will meet with your approbation.”

CHAPTER X.

In which Floribel pointeth out a few instances in which her Invention may prove of the greatest benefit.

“ And now, I arrive at the great question, which ought to guide those who pretend to instruct the public—what the learned call the *cui bono*—in other words, the advantages which may be derived from this, my invention.

“ Many may feel inclined to decry the contents of this book on the ground that it is more likely to be

injurious than beneficial, being merely a vehicle of clandestine communication. That an improper use may be made of this or any other powers, is not to be denied—but where is there any power known which may not be misdirected or misapplied, which may not equally be appropriated to do that which is wrong, as well as that which is right? The razor, which is intended to remove the beard, is but too often employed to divide the jugular; the elements of light and heat granted to us by the bounty of Providence were never intended to be employed by the incendiary; the art of Writing, by means of which the

Holy Scriptures have been handed down for your guidance, is equally a weapon in the hands of the atheist, and has transmitted to posterity the sneers of Voltaire and the blasphemy of Paine.

“ In short, there is nothing in this world available for good which is not also available for evil — not that I consider this little work will, in any one case, prove a source of mischief, although it certainly may be productive of great amusement. Those who are inclined to do wrong will follow their inclinations as earnestly with or without the aid of this book ; and, allowing that it might be used for

sinister purposes, still it will not have been the cause of the ill-doing, for desire only increases with the difficulty, and those who are resolved to do wrong will not be diverted from their purpose.

“Let us, then, examine how my invention may be turned to good or evil.

“Tell me, maiden, why art thou so pensive? You have a secret — confide in me. Ha! he loves you, you have loved him long — proceed. Your parents will not consent — you dare not write, and his letters are intercepted — and why all this? A younger brother — is that all? Some people would persuade you that your

father and mother are right — that, without money, matrimony is imprudent — penury will follow — he will forget his vows and leave you to sigh alone — but you may imagine that *Love* is every thing—that he is irresistible—that Henry will adore you to the last moment of his existence ; will prefer a crust in a cottage with you to wealth and honours in a palace without you. They may tell you that this is mere romance—granted ; but Love and Secrecy are sworn friends and act in concert.

“ See, here is a bouquet offered by an old woman — untie the ribbon and read. ‘ I will have a carriage

at the corner of the street at 11, precisely.' 'Ha! it has caused a smile to play upon those lips, and a suffusion of crimson over those fair cheeks. Is it not a charming bouquet? Yes, you gather up the Flowers, and hasten to your boudoir. For why? Is it to calm your agitation and surprise; to pause and reflect, before you decide upon an act on which your future happiness depends? Is it to call to your remembrance the love and kindness of your parents, their indulgence for so many years, the misery you will occasion them, the indelicacy of the elopement, and the scandal and grief it

will occasion? Is it for this that you have retired? Or, is it to select what is most necessary and most becoming from your wardrobe, and to trust your happiness to so dangerous a chance? If it is the latter, simple maiden, call to mind that around my bouquet is entwined the serpent, and that in cherishing the Flowers of passion you will sooner or later suffer from the bitter fangs of remorse.

“ Every one is aware what an infiction upon this land is the law of libel — now-a-days, we cannot abuse our friends behind their backs, unless in a whisper; and, as for writing any thing, it is five hundred to one that

the letters find their way into court. Here the counsel holds it up with a flourish of his hand; a wretch creeps into the witness-box and swears to your autograph; you are cast in the court; and, what is worse, lose caste at court and in all fashionable society, merely for writing what every body else has *said*.

“Observe, then, how valuable this Floral Telegraph becomes: if you wish to annoy and abuse your friends, suppose you should perceive that your dearest female friend who has been with you, like Juno’s swans, ‘still coupled and inseparable,’ had taken away from you one of your

most favourite admirers, of course you must be revenged, or you are no daughter of Eve. Besides, although you, as a married woman, only meant a little innocent flirtation, you have a moral conviction that she, as a married woman, intends a great deal more — it is, therefore, a noble revenge, and you are resolved to save her. You send a bouquet to her husband, who knows not whence it comes; but, versed in the universal Telegraph of Flowers, sends for his book, and, reading it, finds that he has occasion for jealousy, rushes into his wife's room, as all jealous husbands do, taxes her, and reviles her. In-

dignant at the false accusation, she repels the charge, and her violence is succeeded by a torrent of tears. The husband, not convinced, slams the door like thunder, calls for his pistols, brandy, and his friend. She faints, is laid on her bed, and moistens the pillow with her tears. The gentlemen must exchange shots ; an explanation follows, and all is proved a calumny.

“ Now, although no one could possibly blame you for this little specimen of revenge and good-will combined, still, had you *written* this information, they would never have ceased until they had proved the autograph, and perhaps have sum-

moned you to justice : but, what jury of our countrymen, I should like to know, would ever admit a bouquet of Flowers as evidence ; or, even if they would, how could they prove by whom the bouquet was tied up ? Thus you will observe, fair ladies, that by this Floral Telegraph you may convey scandal to a distance, which it must be acknowledged has never been yet safely accomplished.

“ But, even the ‘ Lords of the Creation ’ may find advantages from this invention. Those who are bold may be more daring ; those who are bashful may, by me, obtain their wishes. Yes, it will assist Modesty,

the most charming of all virtues. Behold that handsome youth — he has long pined in secret, long wished to declare his love, yet dares not. In the presence of the beloved one he is tongue-tied ; blushes, yet speaks not. How kind to come to his assistance, as Waller sings :

‘ Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, howe’er so witty ;
The beggar that is dumb, you know,
Deserves our double pity.’

“ But, if he cannot speak, he can offer a bouquet—he tenders it humbly and retires ; the next meeting is to decide his fate : but the beaming eyes of his mistress re-assure him ; and, having passed the Rubicon, he now

pours forth in oral eloquence the feelings which have been concealed for so long a period.

“Have I not made the dumb to speak ?

“But, this is not all, gentle reader. I indulge a faint hope that this, my invention, will be patronized by the government at the instigation of delicate and dilletanti officials, who have a decided distaste to the call for any papers excepting the Court Journal, or those little French squares that nightly imprison and form the morning’s curls: as if it was reasonable that the people should know what might be going on between them and Prince Talleyrand, Metternich, and others.

This is very absurd, and, what is more, very injurious to the interests of this country ; for, diplomacy without secrecy is, as the Turks say, all *bosh*, (nothing) ; and so it generally proves to be as soon as it is made public.

“ Now, if diplomatic correspondence were carried on by means of bouquets, how completely would secrecy be preserved, and how a perfumed foreign secretary would laugh in his sleeve when, questioned in the house, he held up a withered Nosegay, and begged the honourable house to decipher it ! Oh, if this would but be adopted, then, indeed, would I raise my crest ; then, indeed, would the serpent be wreathed around the

Flowers ; then might countries be re-plundered, Poland re-partitioned, kings seated firmly on their thrones, Turkey sold to Russia ; war, devastation, and misery, be allotted to thousands ; all plotted and arranged by the simple presentation of a bouquet from one diplomatist to another. This would, indeed, be the climax of glory to me, Floribel, the Sylph of the Violet ; and, were I in this to obtain a certain lord's patronage, then would I exclaim with the poet :

‘ Now is the horrid age of iron no more :
Comes, than the golden age a brighter far,
The blissful age of Flowers.’ ”

CHAPTER XI.

Which showeth how Floribel descended from her tone didactic into her tone colloquial, and what she furthermore imparted.

AFTER a considerable pause, in which my sovereign lady of the solitude seemed to be revolving in her mind many subjects too deep for my merely mundane capacity, she turned round to me with extreme complacency, and said :

“ Amiable Mr. Honeycomb, what do you really think of my invention ? ”

“Madam,” said I, doubtingly, “it is good or evil, as applied to promote righteous or unrighteous purposes.”

“And what that is valuable is not, most sapient sir? Where is the good in which evil lurketh not, where the beauty in which resides not latent deformity, where exists the life in which lie not the elements of death—where, but in the heaven, fortunate man, which is thy heritage; and, alas, may not be mine! But, these are secrets inscrutable to me; to you, matters of utter darkness.

“But, to descend to the earthliness of your comprehension, let me make

it known to you, by the invention which I have just imparted, and which you will, through mere mortal, everyday, and common-place means, make known to the world, by the aid of to me hateful typography. I have absolved myself from the ban that kept me here imprisoned in this melancholy wildness. That your mission may be complete, and your office authentic, in the eyes of a suspicious and hardly-judging world, I now place in your hands the three all but sacred, cabalistic, and most efficient Vocabularies, by the means of which, though the tongue be mute, and the Cadmean art of written or printed

letters be lost, there shall be wanting no language to love, no source of beautiful expression to every feeling that enlivens, warms, and elevates the heart of mankind."

The Vocabularies I took with all the grateful homage with which a loyal knight receives a well-earned patent of nobility, with a good estate attached to it, from the hands of his sovereign, or a desponding lover the first token of favour from his hitherto all-too proud mistress. These Vocabularies I have caused to be printed at the end of this delectable volume, with very ample and lucid notes, so plain, indeed, that those who run may read;

though, as far as a sexagenarian's advice may be valuable, I would hint generally, with no disparagement to this, my own volume, that those who read running must unavoidably be given to skipping, a thing by all authors utterly detested, and by none more than by me, ladies, your humble servant, Horace Honeycomb, Esquire, in his own right, as being an estated gentleman of landed property of more than five hundred pounds a year.

But this is another digression, for which I am profoundly sorry, and as profoundly apologize; and, were it not that I tremble, by so doing, to fall into another digression, I could

satisfactorily prove that the first digression was no digression at all: and that, as works are now written, a book consisting wholly of digression would be one quite as relevant to the subject as any that have lately appeared. Coming to the point at once is, at all times, hard, harsh, and unnatural, and not to be endured. In what action, in what event, in what relation of life, would it be sufferable? In law, barristers, attorneys, even the judges themselves, would be ruined. In medicine, what M.D. could be enabled to keep a better vehicle than a wheelbarrow? In politics, what would become of our

embassies, our matured politicians, at £10,000 a year with allowances, and our sucking diplomatists at £500 with expectations? Were we always to come to the point at once, where would be all the pleasures of life? Wine and woman would then immediately lose all attractions, for should we not be dead drunk in four minutes, and dead dead married in five?

No ; as far as I have been able to observe, all the authors of the present day, excepting myself, Horace Honeycomb, Esquire, are so fully imbued with the policy of not letting their readers come to the point at once, that they will often write you

three well printed volumes, without one single *point* in the whole, to which you can possibly come.

“ You see,” said Floribel, “ the sun is now dallying with the faint outline of the far-off western mountain. I have performed my penance ; in your hands is my penalty ; I long to take wing, and fly away. Ages, Mr. Honeycomb, shall elapse before I again interfere with the loves of mortals. Oh ! that my invention of the Floral Telegraph had struck me when the noble Lionel came to woo my beloved and innocent Violetta ! Would not a simple nosegay have told all, and arranged all ; and thus hap-

piness have been secured to all !
Much, much have I to deplore the
use and the abuse of written letters.
However, lovers may now be wise,
and, being wise, be happy. Already
I feel the chains, invisible to you,
drop from my fettered limbs. I scent
the warm fragrance of the far-off
Italian air. This night I shall sleep
couched upon a bed of my most
beautiful Violets. I shall bathe me
in the dew that rests upon their deli-
cate petals ; I shall banquet upon
their honey that none but the bee
and I know how to extract ; I shall
drink to delirium of the aroma that
distils from their beautiful hearts.

“ My dear, dear Mr. Honeycomb, fare you well. Devote yourself henceforward to the ladies. *They* will well know how to value you. Leave off snuff, renounce hexameters, write no tours — take every sacred care of my beneficial instructions, and preserve, like something holy, my three Vocabularies — so shall you live, loved by all the ladies, die by them lamented, and descend in peace to a flower-crowned grave. Depend upon it, I shall be there, and over that sacred mound, the first, and the last, and the sweetest Violets shall bloom. Receive the kiss of peace, and farewell ! ”

Thus saying, with extended arms she fell upon my bosom; the perfumes of a thousand beds of Flowers intoxicated and overcame me; there seemed to be a delicious death in that long kiss, and that I died—and, oh! horror upon horrors, when I again awoke to life and consciousness, I found myself in the best bed, in the best bed-room, in Sir Aldobrand Belamour's house, my head shaved and bound up, a bewigged and cane-appointed physician on one side, and, on the other, an execrably cadaverous-looking surgeon, in the act of drawing blood from my left arm. To add to the solemnity and ghastliness of the scene,

the curtains were drawn, and that funereal light only admitted into the room, which makes the healthy feel indisposed and the sick man already in the vestibule of death.

At the foot of the bed stood my worthy old friend, Sir Aldobrand, with a white cambric handkerchief to his eyes ; and, kneeling at the bedside, was my graceless and spendthrift nephew and heir. The hypocritical rascal was actually pretending to weep.

Here was a change from warm kisses from immortal lips, and the exciting presence of immortal beauty, to a scene, that, I am sadly fearful,

was meant, by its getters-up, to be a death-bed one. Nor was I deceived in my conjecture, for, while my arm was still bleeding, who should enter but my old companion and antagonist at backgammon, Dr. Snuffle-text, a very learned divine, doubtless, notwithstanding his extreme corpulency.

He was in full canonicals, and, excepting that his wig was a little awry, properly decked out to preach before the king and queen. With his prayer-book open in his hand, between a whine and a snuffle, as he advanced up the room, he exclaimed, according to the rubrick, "Peace be

to this house, and to all that dwell in it!"

All this I observed with a great deal of astonishment, from under my half-closed eyelids. The whole of the service for the sick in extremity was read through, my hang-dog of a nephew making the responses with such a provoking unction that I resolved that the next religious ceremony held on my account should be the holy one of matrimony. I did not quite like the sonorous "Amen" of my worthy host. It sounded to me strangely blatant and loud.

I felt myself too weak, as I was held up in the arms of a withered old

nurse (what an exchange for those of Floribel !) to make any observation. So, when I was again laid down, I determined to preserve my silence.

After my worthy and esteemed friend, my backgammon-playing-parson, had finished his hit, not ever expecting to be again taken up, at least, by me ; my nephew, with a badly-imitated sigh, whimpered out,

“ And so, gentlemen, you are sure that my honoured, and ever-to-be-venerated, though-never-sufficiently-to-be-appreciated uncle, left no will, document, or paper of any sort ? ”

“ None whatever, to my know-

ledge," said Sir Aldobrand ; " yet, I remember me, he had a huge packet of papers upon his person when the unfortunate accident occurred that is so soon to deprive me of my best and oldest friend."

" For Heaven's sake," exclaimed my alarmed and greedy heir, " where are they, and what are they?"

" Oh, you may soon satisfy your curiosity," was the reply ; " for there they are lying upon the table, between that large purple - coloured draught, and the blue box of bolusses."

He jumped up and seized them, and, looking over them hurriedly, ex-

claimed, "In the name of all that's singular, what is this? 'Floral Telegraph! Three Vocabularies. Meet me at Almack's.' All stuff! Thank God, no will, however."

"And so," thought I, "all that passed in the desolate garden has been a reality." That it was so, I would have wagered my life! "But, by what miracle came I here?"

But the current of my thoughts was suddenly interrupted by hearing the physician say to the nurse, "A quarter of an hour hence, you will give him three of the blue bolusses, which you will wash down his throat with the last mixture. If you find

any difficulty in getting his mouth open, which, from his continued insensibility, I apprehend you will, insinuate the end of a silver spoon between his gums: you see he has lost his front teeth, above and below, and wrench his jaws asunder. Mr. Sangsue, in an hour hence, you had better operate upon the other arm. No difficulty there — we can always open a vein — but the mouth — we must use force to open that.”

“No occasion whatever,” said I, gently lifting up my head; for I thought it was quite time to speak.

“A miracle!” exclaimed the phy-

sician. "My mixtures, blisters, and boluses!"

"And my bleedings!" chimed in the surgeon, wiping his lancet.

"Gentlemen," said I, "miracles are great and overpowering events. A few will go a great way indeed. Have the goodness to spare me any more — leave me to repose."

They left me, and I got well.

CHAPTER XII.

Which concludeth, and sheweth, that I, the Author, did veritably, and in my own person, see the things that I said I saw, hear the words that I said I heard, and fully understand the things that were, through me, by others to be understood, whatever may be asserted to the contrary notwithstanding.

Now, fair ladies, and generous ladies, and most intelligent ladies, you all know that I should be a brute to endeavour to impose upon you, seeing that you are fair, a rascal, seeing that you are generous, and a fool, seeing that you are intelligent. Yet,

some evil-disposed malignants have not only rumoured it abroad, but actually, as it were, proclaimed it in the market-place, that none of these things narrated in this book did fall out as is here set down—that it was all the mere dream of a long trance caused by a violent concussion on a certain part of my skull, contiguous to those parts of the brain in which the nerves of outward sensation terminate, whilst those regions that administer to the imagination were a little disordered and much excited, and those that belong to the memory not at all.

Now this is all foolishness, which I will hereafter fully show.

Certain it is, that Sir Aldobrand and the adherents to this nonsensical opinion assert that, on the memorable 25th of June, mentioned in the first part of my narrative, at the hour of seven in the evening, when the last dinner-bell was rung, I was no where to be found; that I was missing all the following night, and that, about four in the morning, I was found insensible, at the bottom of a dry ditch, having evidently forced open, with my back, an old door that gave entrance to a long disused Flower-garden; and that it was not till the first of July that I recovered my consciousness.

Now, my dear ladies, the finding me insensible, and the subsequent sickness, I dispute not — therefore, in fair reciprocity of courtesy, neither ought they nor you to dispute the events that led to it; the which I have fully detailed. It is not by proving one certain fact that you can disprove another. Supposing any fair lady had a beautiful diamond necklace as well as a superb pair of ruby bracelets, what would she think of the sophist who would pretend to prove that she had not the diamonds, merely because he proved that she had the rubies? Thus these simpletons and very malicious gainsayers

wish to disprove my interview with, and revelation from, Floribel, by proving my insensibility and subsequent illness. But, let me ask them, and I ask them triumphantly, what has become of my tortoiseshell snuff-box? Can they produce that? No. Where are my green spectacles? Can they produce those? No. Where, then, are their proofs? Can they produce them? Certainly not. Have I not left off snuff, in accordance with my promise to Floribel? Do I now outshine Dr. Darwin in epic poetry, or beat Dr. Southey in hexameters? Certainly not. "Here be proofs," as honest Dogberry says. Did I not

promise the Sylph that I would, for the rest of my life, be the ladies' devoted slave? Am I not so? Besides, my sense of honour is much too nice to permit me to utter a falsehood; for had I not a first cousin who actually almost called a man out for tweaking his nose and telling him he was a liar? We are a family jealous of our honour. I cannot account for the mysteries of nature, any more than I can for the base envy that impugns my veracity. Of course, it is not every one's good fortune to see and converse with a Flower Sylph—I cannot help that. Some men are happily singled out by Providence to

be blessed for latent merit of their's,
doubtlessly.

Call for proofs, indeed ! Is there
not here the invention — the Tele-
graph — the Book ? Let my base
detractors produce any thing equal
to it, and I'll confess myself an im-
postor, and will gladly permit to
be turned into a whipping-post, for
liars, the tombstone of,

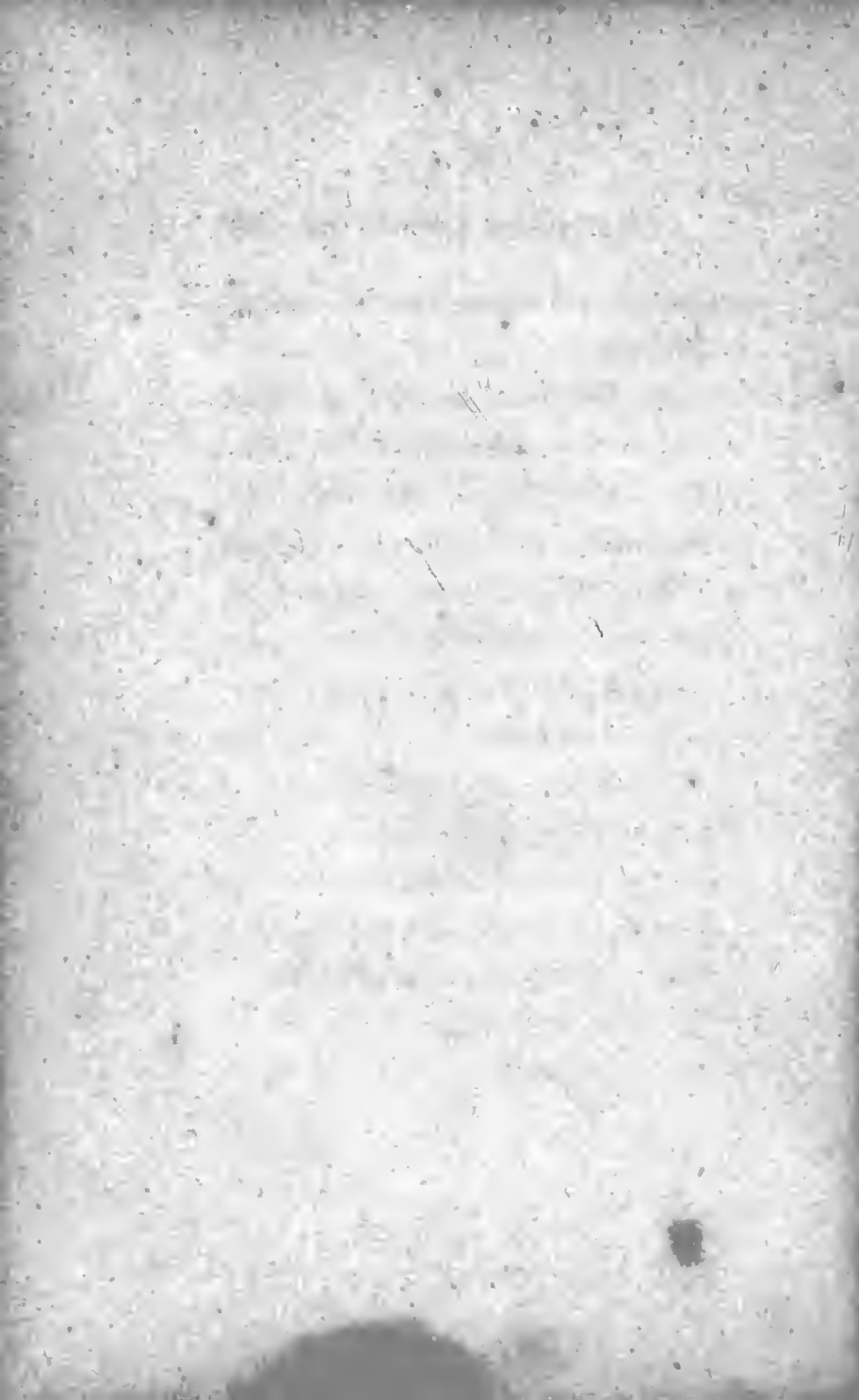
My dear ladies,

Your most obedient,

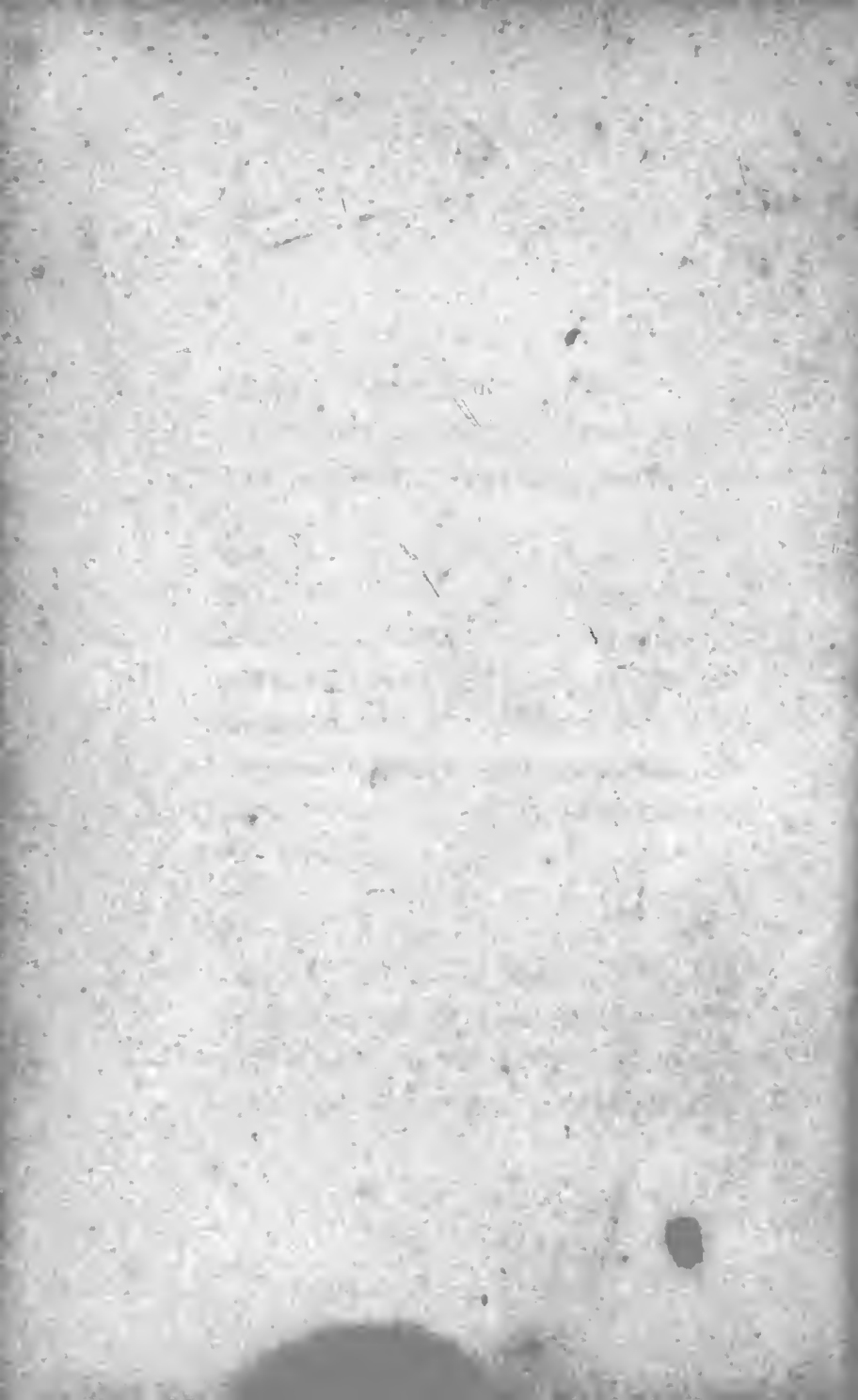
Most zealous,

And most observant slave,

HORACE HONEYCOMB.



THE
VOCABULARY.



TO MY FAIR FRIENDS.

IN Part II. of the Vocabulary, you will find several numbers without any corresponding words attached to them. The blanks you may fill up at your option with a crowquill, either with words or sentences that may be most useful to you and to your friends.

In Part III. of the Vocabulary, which consists wholly of sentences, or names of places in general request, you will find most of the phrases used affirmatively. If you wish to use them interrogatively, a blade of grass bound up with any of the numbers will cause them

so to be understood; if negatively, any small leafless and flowerless twig — for example, 256. “There is occasion for concealment.” If the Flowers forming that number be bound up with a blade of grass, it will be understood, “Is there occasion for concealment?” if with a leafless twig, “There is no occasion for concealment.” When the sentences are negative or interrogative in their construction in the Vocabulary, they are never to be altered. These remarks apply only to Part III. of the Vocabulary.

Plate 6.



VOCABULARY.

PART I.

ONE KNOT TO BE TIED ON THE STRING
BETWEEN EACH NUMBER.

1. A.
2. B.
3. C.
4. D.
5. E.
6. F.
7. G.
8. H.
9. I.

Used in the spelling of
words, if required. In

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10.	J.	}	this case, four knots must
11.	K.		be tied before the word,
12.	L.		and four knots after it.
13.	M.		} They are also used as ini-
14.	N.		
15.	O.		
16.	P.		
17.	Q.		
18.	R.		
19.	S.		
20.	T.		
21.	U.		
22.	V.		
23.	W.		
24.	X.		
25.	Y.		
26.	Z.		

- 27. Able.
- 28. About.
- 29. Above.
- 30. After, wards.
- 31. Again, st.
- 32. Ago.
- 33. All.
- 34. Almost.
- 35. Also.
- 36. Although.
- 37. Always.
- 38. And.
- 39. Any, thing.
- 40. Are.
- 41. At.
- 42. Away.
- 43. Be.

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- 44. Because.
- 45. Beet.
- 46. Better.
- 47. But.
- 48. By, by and by.
- 49. Do, does, doing.
- 50. Do not.
- 51. During.
- 52. Each.
- 53. Either.
- 54. Else, where.
- 55. Ever.
- 56. Every, every thing, body.
- 57. Far.
- 58. First.
- 59. From.
- 60. Have, ing.

- 61. Had.
- 62. He.
- 63. Her, herself.
- 64. Here.
- 65. Him, himself.
- 66. His.
- 67. How, however.
- 68. If.
- 69. In, into.
- 70. Intead.
- 71. Is.
- 72. It, itself.
- 73. Many.
- 74. Me, my, mine.
- 75. Not, no, never.
- 76. Now.
- 77. Of.

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- 78. She.
- 79. So.
- 80. The.
- 81. Them, selves.
- 82. These.
- 83. They.
- 84. This.
- 85. Those.
- 86. To, too.
- 87. Us.
- 88. We.
- 89. Wire.
- 90. What.
- 91. When.
- 92. Where, ever.
- 93. Which.
- 94. Who, whom.

- 95. Whose.
- 96. With, in.
- 97. Yes.
- 98. You.
- 99. Your, self.
- 100. I have.
- 101. He has.
- 102. We have.
- 103. You have.
- 104. They have.
- 105. Have I.
- 106. Has he.
- 107. Have we.
- 108. Have you.
- 109. Have they.
- 110. I had.
- 111. He had.

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- 112. We had.
- 113. You had.
- 114. They had.
- 115. Had I.
- 116. Had he.
- 117. Had we.
- 118. Had you.
- 119. Had they.
- 120. I shall have.
- 121. He shall have.
- 122. We shall have.
- 123. You shall have.
- 124. They shall have.
- 125. Shall I have.
- 126. Shall he have.
- 127. Shall we have.
- 128. Shall you have.

- 129. Shall they have.
- 130. Let me have.
- 131. Have you.
- 132. Let him have.
- 133. Let us have.
- 134. Let them have.
- 135. I can have.
- 136. He can have.
- 137. We can have.
- 138. You can have.
- 139. They can have.
- 140. Can I have.
- 141. Can he have.
- 142. Can we have.
- 143. Can you have.
- 144. Can they have.
- 145. I should have.

146. He should have.
147. We should have.
148. You should have.
149. They should have.
150. Should I have.
151. Should he have.
152. Should we have.
153. Should you have.
154. Should they have.
155. If I have.
156. If he has.
157. If we have.
158. If you have.
159. If they have.
160. If I had.
161. If he had.
162. If we had.

- 163. If you had.
- 164. If they had.
- 165. To have.
- 166. To have had.
- 167. Having had.
- 168. Having.
- 169. I am.
- 170. He is.
- 171. We are.
- 172. You are.
- 173. They are.
- 174. Am I.
- 175. Is he.
- 176. Are we.
- 177. Are you.
- 178. Are they.
- 179. I was.

180. He was.
181. We were.
182. You were.
183. They were.
184. Was I.
185. Was he.
186. Were we.
187. Were you.
188. Were they.
189. I shall be.
190. He shall be.
191. We shall be.
192. You shall be.
193. They shall be.
194. Shall I be.
195. Shall he be.
196. Shall we be.

- 197. Shall you be.
- 198. Shall they be.
- 199. Let me be.
- 200. Let him be.
- 201. Let us be.
- 202. Be you.
- 203. Let them be.
- 204. I can be.
- 205. He can be.
- 206. We can be.
- 207. You can be.
- 208. They can be.
- 209. Can I be.
- 210. Can he be.
- 211. Can we be.
- 212. Can you be.
- 213. Can they be.

- 214. I should be, (or would be).
- 215. He should be.
- 216. We should be.
- 217. You should be.
- 218. They should be.
- 219. Should I be.
- 220. Should he be.
- 221. Should we be.
- 222. Should you be.
- 223. Should they be.
- 224. If I be.
- 225. If he be.
- 226. If we be.
- 227. If you be.
- 228. If they be.
- 229. If I were.
- 230. If he were.

- 231. If we were.
- 232. If you were.
- 233. If they were.
- 234. To be.
- 235. To have been.
- 236. Being.
- 237. Been.
- 238. Having been.
- 239. I shall.
- 240. He shall.
- 241. We shall.
- 242. You shall.
- 243. They shall.
- 244. Shall I.
- 245. Shall he.
- 246. Shall we.
- 247. Shall you.

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- 248. Shall they.
- 249. I will.
- 250. He will.
- 251. We will.
- 252. You will.
- 253. They will.
- 254. Will I.
- 255. Will he.
- 256. Will we.
- 257. Will you.
- 258. Will they.
- 259. If I may.
- 260. If he may.
- 261. If we may.
- 262. If you may.
- 263. If they may.
- 264. If I can.

- 265. If he can.
- 266. If we can.
- 267. If you can.
- 268. If they can.
- 269. I might.
- 270. He might.
- 271. We might.
- 272. You might.
- 273. They might.
- 274. Might I.
- 275. Might he.
- 276. Might we.
- 277. Might you.
- 278. Might they.
- 279. I could.
- 280. He could.
- 281. We could.

- 282. You could.
- 283. They could.
- 284. Could I.
- 285. Could he.
- 286. Could we.
- 287. Could you.
- 288. Could they.
- 289. I should.
- 290. He should.
- 291. We should.
- 292. You should.
- 293. They should.
- 294. Should I.
- 295. Should he.
- 296. Should we.
- 297. Should you.
- 298. Should they.

- 299. I would.
- 300. He would.
- 301. We would.
- 302. You would.
- 303. They would.
- 304. Would I.
- 305. Would he.
- 306. Would we.
- 307. Would you.
- 308. Would they.
- 309. I will not.
- 310. I shall not.
- 311. I have not.
- 312. I cannot.
- 313. I may not.
- 314. I would not.
- 315. He will not.

- 316. He has not.
- 317. He shall not.
- 318. He cannot.
- 319. He may not.
- 320. He would not.
- 321. You will not.
- 322. You shall not.
- 323. You have not.
- 324. You cannot.
- 325. You may not.
- 326. You would not.
- 327. We will not.
- 328. We shall not.
- 329. We have not.
- 330. We cannot.
- 331. We may not.
- 332. We would not.

- 333. They will not.
 - 334. They shall not.
 - 335. They have not.
 - 336. They cannot.
 - 337. They may not.
 - 338. They would not.
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- 339. Absent.
- 340. Absence.
- 341. Abhor, rence.
- 342. Accept, s, ed, ing, ance.
- 343. Abuse, s, d, ing.
- 344. Abominable.
- 345. Acknowledge, d, ing.
- 346. Accord.
- 347. Ache.

- 348. Acme.
- 349. Adore.
- 350. Adorable.
- 351. Acquaint, s, ed, ance.
- 352. Adorn, s, ed.
- 353. Actual, ly.
- 354. Address.
- 355. Admire, s, d, ing.
- 356. Admit, s, ted, ing.
- 357. Advice.
- 358. Affair, s.
- 359. Afford, s, ed, ing.
- 360. Afterwards.
- 361. Age.
- 362. Agony.
- 363. Agree, s, d, ing.
- 364. Ah.

- 365. Aid, ed, ing.
- 366. Aim, s, ed, ing.
- 367. Alas.
- 368. Alcove.
- 369. Alight.
- 370. Alliance.
- 371. Almost.
- 372. Ally.
- 373. Altar.
- 374. Alone.
- 375. Along.
- 376. Altogether.
- 377. Amongst.
- 378. Amiable.
- 379. Amour.
- 380. Angel, ic.
- 381. Answer, s, ed.

- 382. Annihilate.
- 383. Anonymous.
- 384. Anxiety, ies, ous.
- 385. Antidote.
- 386. Apartment.
- 387. Apology.
- 388. Aside.
- 389. Ask, s, ed, ing.
- 390. Assign, s, ed.
- 391. Assist, s, ed.
- 392. Assure, s, ed.
- 393. Attire.
- 394. Auspicious.
- 395. Avail, s, able.
- 396. Avoid, s, ed.
- 397. Averse.
- 398. Aware.

- 399. Await.
- 400. Awhile.
- 401. Bad, ly, ness.
- 402. Baron.
- 403. Baronet.
- 404. Baroness.
- 405. Barge, Boat.
- 406. Basis.
- 407. Basket.
- 408. Bear, s, ish, borne.
- 409. Become, s, became.
- 410. Beautiful
- 411. Beguile, s, d, ing.
- 412. Beg, s, ged, ging.
- 413. Begin, s, an.
- 414. Behind.
- 415. Believe, s, d, ing.

- 416. Belong, s, ed, ing.
- 417. Beloved.
- 418. Below.
- 419. Bend, s.
- 420. Beside.
- 421. Beyond.
- 422. Beware.
- 423. Bid, s, den.
- 424. Billet.
- 425. Bishop.
- 426. Bind, s, ing, bound.
- 427. Blame, s, d, able.
- 428. Boldly, ness.
- 429. Books.
- 430. Bore.
- 431. Bound.
- 432. Box.

- 433. Boy, s, ish.
- 434. Bless.
- 435. Blot, s, ted.
- 436. Blush.
- 437. Bonnet.
- 438. Bountiful.
- 439. Bribe, s, d.
- 440. Bridge.
- 441. Brief.
- 442. Brink.
- 443. Brother.
- 444. Burst, ing.
- 445. Burn, s, ed.
- 446. Busy, ily.
- 447. But, t.
- 448. Butter.
- 449. Buy, s, ing.

- 450. Bought.
- 451. Cab.
- 452. Cabal, s, ling.
- 453. Cajole.
- 454. Calamity.
- 455. Candid.
- 456. Cathedral.
- 457. Caution.
- 458. Ceremony.
- 459. Certain, ly.
- 460. Certify.
- 461. Chambermaid.
- 462. Chance.
- 463. Chaplain.
- 464. Chapel.
- 465. Church.
- 466. Churchyard.

- 467. Charm, s, ed, ing.
- 468. City.
- 469. Clergyman.
- 470. Clerk.
- 471. Clever.
- 472. Climax.
- 473. Climb.
- 474. Coach.
- 475. Coachman.
- 476. Coronet.
- 477. Continue, s, d.
- 478. Contrary.
- 479. Contrive, s, d.
- 480. Convenient, ly.
- 481. Convey, s, ed, ing.
- 482. Convince, s, d, ing.
- 483. Correct, s, ed.

- 484. Correspond, s, ed, ing.
- 485. Cover, s, ed, ing.
- 486. Danger, s, ous.
- 487. Dare, s, d, ing.
- 488. Date, s, d, ing.
- 489. Daybreak.
- 490. Daylight.
- 491. Death.
- 492. Deceive, s, d, ing.
- 493. Decide, s, d.
- 494. Decision.
- 495. Deeply.
- 496. Defy.
- 497. Defer, s, red.
- 498. Delay, s, ed.
- 499. Deliver, s, ed.
- 500. Demand, s, ed.

- 501. Demure.
- 502. Deny.
- 503. Depart, s, ed.
- 504. Depend, s, ed.
- 505. Deprive, s, d.
- 506. Deserve, s, d.
- 507. Desire, s, d.
- 508. Detain, s, ed.
- 509. Die, s, d.
- 510. Difficult, y.
- 511. Diamonds.
- 512. Direct, s, ed, ly.
- 513. Disappoint, ed.
- 514. Discharge, s, d.
- 515. Discover, s, ed, y.
- 516. Discretion.
- 517. Disguise.

- 518. Dismay, ed.
- 519. Dislike, s, d.
- 520. Dismiss.
- 521. Dispatch, ed.
- 522. Dispose, s, d.
- 523. Distant, ly.
- 524. Distress, ed, ing.
- 525. Doubt, s, ed, ing.
- 526. Down.
- 527. Drive, s, ing, n.
- 528. Dusk, y.
- 529. Duty, ies.
- 530. Duke.
- 531. Duchess.
- 532. Early.
- 533. Eager, ly, ness.
- 534. Earlier.

- 535. Earnest, ly.
- 536. Ease, y, ily.
- 537. Easier.
- 538. Eat, en.
- 539. Elapse.
- 540. Elope.
- 541. Enable, d, s.
- 542. Enclose, d, s.
- 543. End, s, ing.
- 544. Endless.
- 545. Endeavour, s, ed, ing.
- 546. Entire, ly.
- 547. Entreat, s, ed, ing.
- 548. Err, s, ed, ing.
- 549. Error, s.
- 550. Esteem, s, ed.
- 551. Essential, ly.

- 552. Earl.
- 553. Eclat.
- 554. Event, s, ful.
- 555. Eventual, ly.
- 556. Exact, ly, ness.
- 557. Except, ed, ing, ion.
- 558. Excuse, s, ed, able.
- 559. Explain, s, ed, ing, ation.
- 560. Express, ed.
- 561. Extraordinary.
- 562. Eye, witness.
- 563. Eye, s.
- 564. Fact, s.
- 565. Fail, s, ed, ure.
- 566. False, ly.
- 567. Family.
- 568. Father.

- 569. Farther.
- 570. Farthest.
- 571. Faster.
- 572. Fastest.
- 573. Favourable, y.
- 574. Fault, s, y.
- 575. Fear, s.
- 576. Feel, s, ing, felt.
- 577. Few, er.
- 578. Final, ly.
- 579. Find, s, ing.
- 580. Fine, r, est.
- 581. Finish, es, ed.
- 582. Fit, s.
- 583. Fix, ed, ing.
- 584. Foolish, ly.
- 585. Forbid, s, ding.

- 586. Force, d, ing.
- 587. Foretel, ling.
- 588. Forget, s, ting, got.
- 589. Former, ly.
- 590. Forthwith.
- 591. Fortunate, ly.
- 592. Found, ed, ation.
- 593. Free, ly.
- 594. Frequent, ly.
- 595. Flirt, s, ing, ed.
- 596. Friend, s, ly.
- 597. Full, y.
- 598. Future, ity.
- 599. Gain, s, ed.
- 600. General, ly.
- 601. Gentleman, ly.
- 602. Get, s, ting, got.

- 603. Give, s, en, ing.
- 604. Girl, s.
- 605. Glad, ly.
- 606. Go, es, ing, gone.
- 607. Good, ness.
- 608. Grant, s, ed.
- 609. Great, ly, ness.
- 610. Ground, s, less.
- 611. Guard, s, ed, ian.
- 612. Guess, ed, ing.
- 613. Grove.
- 614. Hand, s, ing, ed.
- 615. Happen, s, ed.
- 616. Happy, iness, ily.
- 617. Harass, es, ed, ing.
- 618. Harm.
- 619. Haste, ily.

- 620. Hate, s.
- 621. Hear, s, ing, heard.
- 622. Help, ed, ing.
- 623. Hence, forth.
- 624. Heiress.
- 625. Hesitate, s, d, ing.
- 626. Hide, s, ing, hid.
- 627. Hinder, s, ed.
- 628. Hint, ed, ing.
- 629. Hither, to.
- 630. Hope, s, ed, ing.
- 631. Hotel, inn.
- 632. House, s.
- 633. Hurry, ied.
- 634. Host.
- 635. Horse, back.
- 636. Idea, s, l.

- 637. Ignorant, ly, ce.
- 638. Ill, ness.
- 639. Imagine, ary.
- 640. Immaterial, ly.
- 641. Immediate, ly.
- 642. Imply, ies, ied.
- 643. Impossible, ility.
- 644. Imprudent, ly.
- 645. Incapable, ility.
- 646. Incline, s, ed.
- 647. Inconvenient, ly.
- 648. Incorrect, ly.
- 649. Incur, s, red.
- 650. Indebted.
- 651. Indifference.
- 652. Indelicate, ly.
- 653. Infinite, ly.

- 654. Inform, s, ed.
- 655. Inquire, ed.
- 656. Intend, s, ed.
- 657. Intention, s, al.
- 658. Intercept, s, ed.
- 659. Interfere, s, ence.
- 660. Interval, s.
- 661. Intimate, cy.
- 662. Incomprehensible.
- 663. Introduce, s, d.
- 664. Invent, s, ion.
- 665. Invitation, s.
- 666. Jewels.
- 667. Joy.
- 668. Judge, s, d, ing.
- 669. Justice.
- 670. Just, ly.

- 671. Jilt, s, ed.
- 672. Keep, s, ing, kept.
- 673. Know, s, n, ing.
- 674. Knowledge.
- 675. King.
- 676. Knight.
- 677. Kiss, ed.
- 678. Lad.
- 679. Ladder.
- 680. Lady, s, ies, ship.
- 681. Last, s, ed, ing.
- 682. Latter, ly.
- 683. Lantern.
- 684. Learn, s, ed.
- 685. Leave, ing, left.
- 686. Lend, s, ing, lent.
- 687. Less, en.

- 688. Let, s, ting.
- 689. Letter, s.
- 690. Liable, ity.
- 691. Look, s, ed.
- 692. Lose, s, lost.
- 693. Loss, es.
- 694. Long.
- 695. Love.
- 696. Lovely.
- 697. Made.
- 698. Make, s, d.
- 699. Man, men.
- 700. Manage, s, ed.
- 701. Match, es, ed.
- 702. Material, s, ly.
- 703. Matter, s.
- 704. Mean, s, ing.

- 705. Meanwhile, time.
- 706. Meet, ing, s, met.
- 707. Mention, s, ed.
- 708. Message, s.
- 709. Midnight.
- 710. Mind, s, ing.
- 711. Mischief, vous, ly.
- 712. Miss, ed, ing.
- 713. Mistake, s, n.
- 714. Motive, s.
- 715. Mutual, ly.
- 716. Name, s.
- 717. Nearest.
- 718. Necessary, ily, ies.
- 719. Need, s, less.
- 720. Negative, ly.
- 721. Neglect, s, ed.

- 722. New, s, ly.
- 723. None.
- 724. Note, s, ed.
- 725. Notwithstanding.
- 726. Nowhere.
- 727. Obstacle, s.
- 728. Odd, ly.
- 729. Offer, s, red.
- 730. Omit.
- 731. Omission.
- 732. Own, s, ed.
- 733. Open, s, ed.
- 734. Once.
- 735. Opposition.
- 736. Overheard.
- 737. Overbearing.
- 738. Ought.

- 739. Pain, s, ful.
- 740. Paper, s.
- 741. Parcel, s.
- 742. Particular, s, ly.
- 743. Part, s, ly.
- 744. Pass, ed.
- 745. People.
- 746. Perceive, s, ed.
- 747. Person, s, al.
- 748. Piece, s.
- 749. Place, s, d.
- 750. Plain, ly.
- 751. Plan, s, ed.
- 752. Positive, ly.
- 753. Possible, ility.
- 754. Post, office.
- 755. Postpone, d.

- 756. Prefer, s, red.
- 757. Pride, proud.
- 758. Prepare, s, d.
- 759. Preserve, d, s.
- 760. Presence.
- 761. Present, s, ed.
- 762. Presently.
- 763. Prevent, s, ed.
- 764. Previous, ly.
- 765. Private, ly.
- 766. Principal, ly.
- 767. Probable, ility.
- 768. Procure, s, d.
- 769. Promise, s, d.
- 770. Properly.
- 771. Provide, s, d.
- 772. Put, s, ting.

- 773. Quiet, ly.
- 774. Rain, s, ed, ing.
- 775. Rare, ly.
- 776. Reach, es, ed.
- 777. Read, s, ing.
- 778. Ready, ily.
- 779. Real, ity.
- 780. Reason, s, ed, able.
- 781. Receive, s, ed.
- 782. Recent, ly.
- 783. Recollect, s, ed.
- 784. Recommend, s, ed.
- 785. Rector.
- 786. Refer, s, red, ring.
- 787. Refuse, s, d, al.
- 788. Regard, s, ed, ing.
- 789. Regret, s, ted.

- 790. Regular, ity, ly.
- 791. Relate, s, d, ion.
- 792. Rely, ied, ies.
- 793. Remark, s, ed.
- 794. Remind, s, ed.
- 795. Rendezvous.
- 796. Reply, ies, ied.
- 797. Repeat, s, ed.
- 798. Request, s, ed.
- 799. Require, s, d.
- 800. Resolve, s, d.
- 801. Respect, s, ed.
- 802. Responsible, ility.
- 803. Result, s, ing.
- 804. Right, s.
- 805. Ring, s, ing.
- 806. Rise, s, n.

- 807. Risk, s, ing.
- 808. Room, s.
- 809. Safe, ty, r, st.
- 810. Sake, s.
- 811. Same, ness.
- 812. Satisfaction.
- 813. Satisfy, ied, ies.
- 814. Save, s, d.
- 815. Say, s, ing, said.
- 816. Saloon.
- 817. Scarce, ly, ity, r.
- 818. Secret, s, ly.
- 819. Secure, s, d, ly.
- 820. See, s, ing, saw.
- 821. Seem, s, ed, ing.
- 822. Seldom, er.
- 823. Send, s, t, ing.

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- 824. Sensitive, ly.
- 825. Sentence, d.
- 826. Service, s.
- 827. Several, ly.
- 828. Severe, r.
- 829. Share, s, d.
- 830. Short, ly, er.
- 831. Share.
- 832. Show, s, n, ing.
- 833. Sincere, ly, ity.
- 834. Single.
- 835. Size.
- 836. Slow, ly.
- 837. Small, er.
- 838. Sooner.
- 839. Sorry.
- 840. Sort, s, ed, ing.

- 841. Speak, s, ing, spoke.
- 842. Stand, s, ing.
- 843. State, s, d, ment.
- 844. Stop, s, ped, ping.
- 845. Sudden, ly.
- 846. Sufficient, ly.
- 847. Suit, s, ed, ing.
- 848. Swift, ly.
- 849. Trivial.
- 850. Trouble, s, d.
- 851. Trust, s, ed, ing.
- 852. Truth, s.
- 853. Try, ies, ied, ing.
- 854. Turn, s, ed, ing.
- 855. Twice.
- 856. Value.
- 857. Venture, s, d.

- 858. Visit, s, er.
- 859. Unable.
- 860. Unacquainted.
- 861. Unaware.
- 862. Uncertain, ty.
- 863. Under.
- 864. Undecided.
- 865. Understand, s, ing.
- 866. Undertake, s, n.
- 867. Undoubted, ly.
- 868. Uneasy, ily, iness.
- 869. Unsafe, ly.
- 870. Unusual, ly.
- 871. Use, d, ually.
- 872. Useful, ly.
- 873. Want, s, ed, ing.
- 874. Way, s.

- 875. Weather.
- 876. Welcome.
- 877. Well.
- 878. Went.
- 879. Whence.
- 880. Wherefore.
- 881. Whether.
- 882. While.
- 883. Whole, ly.
- 884. Wife, ves.
- 885. Weather.
- 886. Wish, es, ed.
- 887. Without.
- 888. Word, s.
- 889. Work, s, ed.
- 890. Worse, st.
- 891. Wait, ing, ed.

892. Write, ten, s, wrote.

893. Wrong, s.

894. Yesterday.

895. Yet.

896. Yacht.

897. Young, er.

898. Youngest.

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VOCABULARY.

PART II.

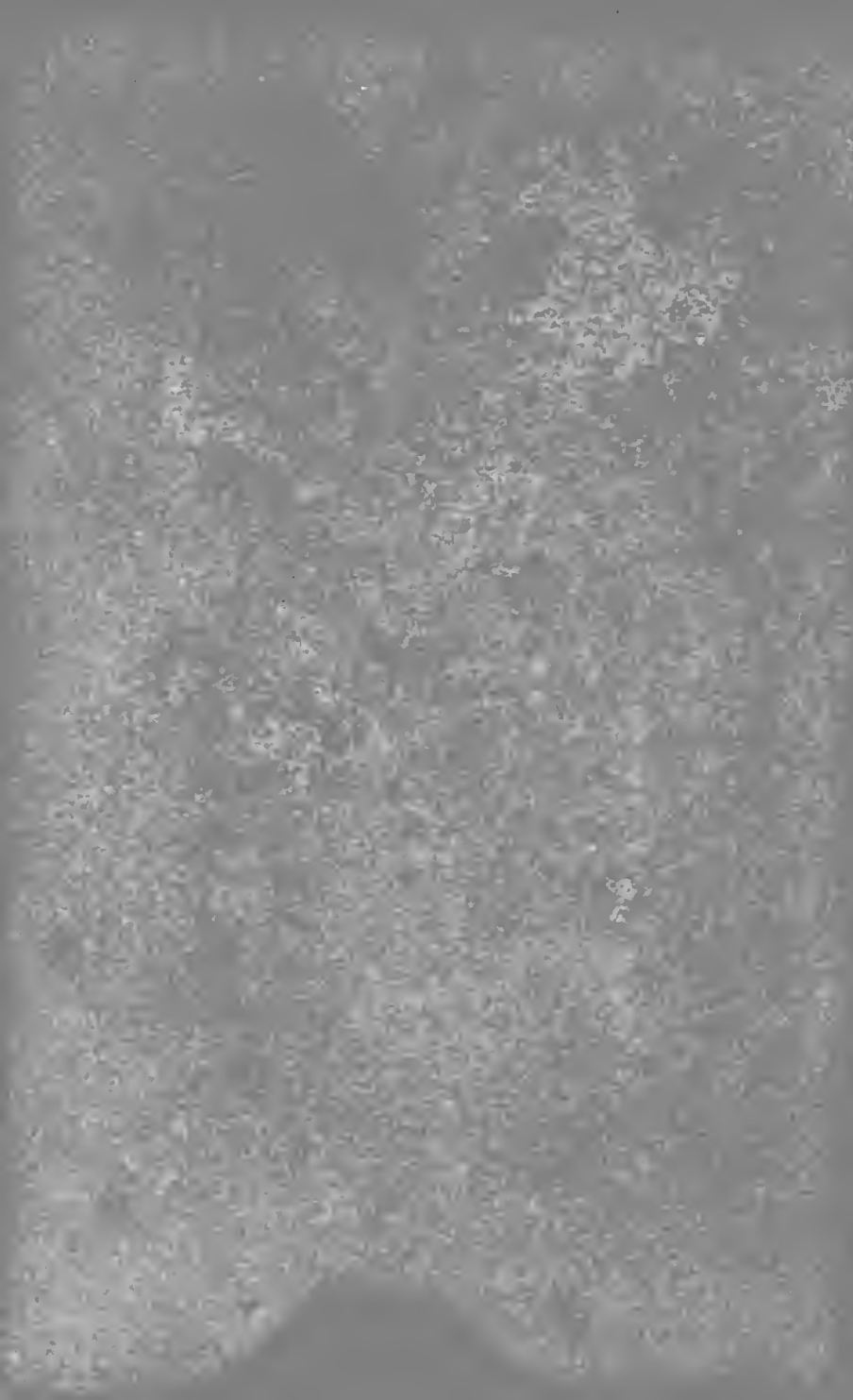




Plate 3.



VOCABULARY.

PART II.

TWO KNOTS TO BE TIED BEFORE EACH NUMBER.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.
- 9.
- 10.
- 11.
- 12.

} Numerals for the hours
of the day or night, &c.

13. Afternoon.
14. Affirmative, in the.
15. Already.
16. Another.
17. Anybody.
18. Before, hand.
19. Between.
20. Both.
21. Daily.
22. The day after.
23. The day before.
24. Dear, est.
25. Dine.
26. Early.
27. Even, ly.
28. Evening, s.
29. Farewell.

- 30. Forenoon.
- 31. Fortnight.
- 32. Friday.
- 33. Home, ward, at.
- 34. Hour, s, ly.
- 35. Indeed.
- 36. Instantly.
- 37. Late, ly.
- 38. Lest, least.
- 39. Law.
- 40. Like, likes, liking.
- 41. Merely.
- 42. Might.
- 43. Mr.
- 44. Mrs.
- 45. Miss.
- 46. Mamma.

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- 47. Minute, s.
- 48. More.
- 49. Morning.
- 50. Most, ly.
- 51. Much.
- 52. Must.
- 53. Monday.
- 54. Month.
- 55. Near, ly.
- 56. Negative, in the.
- 57. Neither.
- 58. Never.
- 59. Next.
- 60. Night, s, ly, to-night.
- 61. Noon.
- 62. Nor.
- 63. Nobody.

- 64. Nothing.
- 65. O'clock.
- 66. Out, go out.
- 67. Past.
- 68. Pray.
- 69. Papa.
- 70. Quick.
- 71. Quite.
- 72. Should.
- 73. Since.
- 74. Somebody.
- 75. Sometimes.
- 76. Soon.
- 77. Still.
- 78. Such.
- 79. Saturday.
- 80. Sunday.

- 81. Sure, ly.
- 82. Than.
- 83. That.
- 84. Their, there, in.
- 85. Therefore.
- 86. Though.
- 87. Tuesday.
- 88. Thursday.
- 89. Together.
- 90. To-morrow.
- 91. Towards.
- 92. Time.
- 93. Very.
- 94. Until.
- 95. Unto.
- 96. Up, on.
- 97. Utmost.

98. Week.
99. Wednesday.
-

100. Across.
101. Abandon, s, ed, ing.
102. Ability, ies.
103. Abode.
104. Abolish, es, ed, ing.
105. Abroad.
106. Absolute, ly.
107. Absurd, ly, ity.
108. Abusive.
109. Accede, s, d, ing.
110. Accident, s, al, ly.
111. Accompany, ies, ied.
112. Accomplish, d.

113. Account, s, ed.
114. Accumulated, s, d.
115. Accurate, ly, cy.
116. Accuse, s, d, ing.
117. Accustom, ed.
118. Acquit, s, ted, tal.
119. Act, s, ion.
120. Active, ly, ity.
121. Actuate, ing.
122. Add, s, ed, ing.
123. Addition, al.
124. Adequate, ly.
125. Adhere, s, ing.
126. Adjust, s, ed, ing.
127. Administer, s, ing.
128. Advance, s, ed.
129. Advantage, s.

- 130. Adverse, ary.
- 131. Advert, ize.
- 132. Advocate, s, ed.
- 133. Afar, off.
- 134. Affect, s, ed, ing.
- 135. Aggravate, s, ing, d.
- 136. Agitate, s, d, ing.
- 137. Alarm, s, ed, ing.
- 138. Alike.
- 139. Alive.
- 140. Allude, s, d.
- 141. Aloud.
- 142. Alter, s, ed, ing.
- 143. Alternative.
- 144. Amaze, s, d, ing.
- 145. Amiss.
- 146. Amity.

- 147. Amuse, s, d, ing.
- 148. Anger, y.
- 149. Announce, s, d, ing.
- 150. Annoy, s, ed, ance.
- 151. Annual, ly.
- 152. Annul, s, ed.
- 153. Anticipate, s, d.
- 154. Apart.
- 155. Apparently.
- 156. Appeal, s, ed.
- 157. Application.
- 158. Apply, ies, ing.
- 159. Appoint, s, ed, ing.
- 160. Appointment.
- 161. Apprehend, ing.
- 162. Approach, s, ed.
- 163. Appropriate, s, ed.

164. Approve, s, d, ing.
165. Apprize, s, d.
166. April.
167. Argue, s, d, ing.
168. Arise, s, ing, arose.
169. Army, ies.
170. Arrange, s, d, ment.
171. Around.
172. Arrest, s, ed, ing.
173. Article, s.
174. Ascertain, s, ed.
175. Ascribe, s, d, ing.
176. Ashes.
177. Aspect.
178. Assembly.
179. Asunder.
180. Attain, s, ed.

181. Attempt, s, ed.
182. Attend, s, ed, ance.
183. Attentive, ly.
184. Author, s, ize, ity.
185. Audience.
186. Augment, s, ed.
187. Augur, s, ed.
188. Beacon.
189. Bow.
190. Breeze, s.
191. Baffle, s, d.
192. Balances, s, ed, ing.
193. Bankrupt, cy.
194. Bar, s, red.
195. Bargain, s, ed.
196. Beware.
197. Bark.

- 198. Barter, s, ed.
- 199. Basis.
- 200. Battery, ies.
- 201. Beach.
- 202. Bed, s.
- 203. Bend, s, ing, bent.
- 204. Bespeak, s, ing.
- 205. Big, bigger.
- 206. Black.
- 207. Blow, s.
- 208. Blue.
- 209. Broad.
- 210. Bolt, s.
- 211. Bond, s.
- 212. Borrow, s, ed, ing.
- 213. Brave, ly.
- 214. Brink.

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- 215. Bring, s, ing.
- 216. Bullet, s.
- 217. Business.
- 218. Compass.
- 219. Cabinet.
- 220. Calculate, s, d.
- 221. Calm, ly.
- 222. Careless.
- 223. Cancel, s, led, ing.
- 224. Capacious.
- 225. Capital, ly.
- 226. Captain.
- 227. Catch, es, ing.
- 228. Caught.
- 229. Censure, s, d.
- 230. Chafe.
- 231. Chain.

232. Channel.
233. Character; s, ized.
234. Chase, d, ing.
235. Cheap.
236. Cheat, s, ed.
237. Choke, s, d.
238. Clause.
239. Class.
240. Clean, ed.
241. Cliff.
242. Climate.
243. Clinch; ed, es.
244. Cloud, y, s.
245. Coarse.
246. Coffee.
247. Cold.
248. Combination.

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- 249. Commission, ed.
- 250. Communicate, s, d.
- 251. Compose, s, d.
- 252. Comparative, ly.
- 253. Conference, s.
- 254. Conjecture, s, d.
- 255. Construct, s, ed.
- 256. Consult, s, ed, ation.
- 257. Contain, s, ed, ing.
- 258. Contract, s, ed.
- 259. Contradict, s, ion.
- 260. Contribute, s, d.
- 261. Converse, ation.
- 262. Copy, ies, ied.
- 263. Cord.
- 264. County, ies.
- 265. Count, s, ed.

- 266. Countess.
- 267. Counterfeit, s, ed.
- 268. Court, s, ed, ing.
- 269. Coward, s, ly, ice.
- 270. Credit, s, able.
- 271. Criminal, ly.
- 272. Critical, ly.
- 273. Crowd, s, ed, ing.
- 274. Custom, s, ary.
- 275. Damp, s, er.
- 276. Dark, er.
- 277. Dawn.
- 278. Dead, ly.
- 279. Debt, s, or.
- 280. Declare, s, d, ation.
- 281. Decline, s, d, ing.
- 282. Decrease, s, d, ing.

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- 283. Deed, s.
- 284. Defect, s.
- 285. Defend, s, ed, ing.
- 286. Deficient, cy.
- 287. Degree.
- 288. Deliberate, s, d, ing.
- 289. Denote, s, d.
- 290. Depth, s.
- 291. Depute, s, d, ing.
- 292. Derive, s, d.
- 293. Describe, s, d.
- 294. Description, s.
- 295. Design, s, ed.
- 296. Destine, s, d.
- 297. Destroy, s, ed.
- 298. Detail, s, ed.
- 299. Determine, s, d.

- 300. Devoid.
- 301. Dictate, s, d.
- 302. Demonstrate.
- 303. Differ, s, ed.
- 304. Diminish, es, ed.
- 305. Disadvantage, s.
- 306. Discharge, d, s.
- 307. Discontent, ed.
- 308. Discourage, s, d.
- 309. Discourse, d.
- 310. Discuss, es, ed.
- 311. Disagree, s, d.
- 312. Disobey, ed.
- 313. Dispute, s, d.
- 314. Disregard, s, ed.
- 315. Dissolve, s, d.
- 316. Disturb, s, ed.

- 317. Distinct, ion.
- 318. Divide, s, d.
- 319. Drag, s.
- 320. Draw, s, ing.
- 321. Drop, s, ped.
- 322. Drown, s, ed.
- 323. Each.
- 324. Edge.
- 325. Effect, s, ual, ly.
- 326. Effort, s.
- 327. Eligible, ility.
- 328. Embark, s, ed.
- 329. Embarrass, ed, ment.
- 330. Embrace, s, d.
- 331. Encourage, s, d, ment.
- 332. Enemy, ies.
- 333. Engage, s, d, ing, ment.

- 334. Engross, es, ed.
- 335. Ensure, s, d.
- 336. Enter, s, ed.
- 337. Entertain, s, ed, ing.
- 338. Entitle, s, d.
- 339. Entreat, s, ed.
- 340. Equal, s, led.
- 341. Equip, s, ped.
- 342. Equivocal, ly.
- 343. Escape, s, d.
- 344. Especial, ly.
- 345. Establish, ment, ed.
- 346. Estate, s.
- 347. Estimate, s, d, ing.
- 348. Evident, ly.
- 349. Examine, s, d, ation.
- 350. Example, s.

- 351. Exceed, s, ed, ing.
- 352. Excellent, ly.
- 353. Exchange, s, d.
- 354. Exclusive, ly.
- 355. Execute, s, d.
- 356. Exempt, s, ed.
- 357. Expect, s, ed, ation.
- 358. Expedient.
- 359. Expense, s, ive.
- 360. Experience, d.
- 361. Experiment, s, al.
- 362. Expert, ly.
- 363. Extravagant, ly.
- 364. Failure, s.
- 365. Fall, s, en, ing.
- 366. Fast, en.
- 367. Fastest.

368. Fatigue, s, d, ing.
369. Fetch, es, ed.
370. Fever.
371. Fight, s, ing, fought.
372. Flat, ter.
373. Fling, s, ing.
374. Flow, s, ed, ing.
375. Follow, s, ed, ing.
376. Foot, feet.
377. Foreign, er, s.
378. Forego, es.
379. Foresee, n.
380. Forestal, led.
381. Forethought.
382. Form, s, ed, ing.
383. Formidable, y.
384. Forthcoming.

- 385. Forward, s, ing.
- 386. Foul.
- 387. Fraud.
- 388. Frame, s, d.
- 389. Fright, s.
- 390. Fresh, en.
- 391. Furnish, es, ed, ing.
- 392. Gallop, s, ed.
- 393. Gaol.
- 394. Genuine.
- 395. Gold, en.
- 396. Governor, s, ness.
- 397. Gracious, ly.
- 398. Grievance, s.
- 399. Grow, s, er, grew.
- 400. Guilt, y, iness.
- 401. Habit, s, ed, ual, ly.

- 402. Half, way.
- 403. Hang, s, ed, ing.
- 404. Hard, er, ly.
- 405. Harden, s, ed.
- 406. Havoc.
- 407. Hazard, s, ed, ous.
- 408. Health, y.
- 409. Heavy, iness, ily.
- 410. Heighten, s, ed, ing.
- 411. High, ly, er.
- 412. Hot, ter, ly.
- 413. Jealous, y.
- 414. Illegal, ly.
- 415. Imitate, s, d, ation.
- 416. Impartial, ly, ity.
- 417. Impatient, ly, ce.
- 418. Imperfect, ly, ion.

- 419. Impertinent, ce, ly.
- 420. Import, ance.
- 421. Implicate, s, d, ion.
- 422. Inability.
- 423. Inaccurate, ly.
- 424. Inadequate, ly.
- 425. Inadvertence.
- 426. Inch, es.
- 427. Increase, s, d, ing.
- 428. Inevitable, y.
- 429. Infamous, ly.
- 430. Inference, s.
- 431. Inferior, s, ity.
- 432. Influence, d.
- 433. Ink.
- 434. Instance.
- 435. Insufficient, ly, cy.

436. Interpret, s, ed, ation.
437. Interview, s, ed, ing.
438. Intricate, ly.
439. Irrecoverable, y.
440. Irregular, ly, ity.
441. Irreparable, y.
442. Join, s, ed, ing.
443. Key, s.
444. Kill, s, ed, ing.
445. Largest.
446. Leather.
447. Length, s, ened.
448. Light, en, ed.
449. Literal, ly.
450. Little.
451. Live, s, d, ing.
452. Load, s, ed, ing.

- 453. Long, s, ed, ing.
- 454. Loud, er, ly.
- 455. Low, er, ly.
- 456. Maintain, s, ed.
- 457. Manœuvre, s, ing.
- 458. Mark, s, ed, ing.
- 459. Measure, s, ed, ing.
- 460. Mend, s, ing.
- 461. Method, s.
- 462. Middle, ing.
- 463. Moon, light.
- 464. Mortal, s, ly.
- 465. Narrow, er, est.
- 466. Nature, al, ly.
- 467. Negligent, ly, ce.
- 468. Negotiate, s, d, ation.
- 469. Noise, s.

- 470. Nominal, ly.
- 471. Novelty, ies.
- 472. Number, s, ed.
- 473. Numerous, ly.
- 474. Outside.
- 475. Owe, s, d, ing.
- 476. Pack, s, ed, age.
- 477. Pay, s, ed, ing.
- 478. Peace, able, ably.
- 479. Permanent, ly.
- 480. Permission.
- 481. Permit, s, ted, ting.
- 482. Persevere, ance, ing.
- 483. Plant, s, ed.
- 484. Pleasant, er, ly.
- 485. Plentiful, ly.
- 486. Plenty.

- 487. Point, s, ed, ing.
- 488. Popular, ity.
- 489. Portend, s, ed.
- 490. Position, s.
- 491. Possess, ed, es, ion.
- 492. Practice, s, d, ing.
- 493. Practicable, y.
- 494. Prejudice, s, d.
- 495. Preparation:
- 496. Preserve.
- 497. Price.
- 498. Proceed, s, ing.
- 499. Profit, s, ed, able.
- 500. Proportion, ably.
- 501. Propose, al, s.
- 502. Protect, s, ed, ing.
- 503. Protest, s, ed, ation.

- 504. Prose, s, d, ing.
- 505. Public, ly.
- 506. Publish, ed, es, ing.
- 507. Pursue, s, d, ing.
- 508. Quantity, ies.
- 509. Quarrel, s, led, ling.
- 510. Question, s, ed, ing.
- 511. Rage.
- 512. Realize, s, d, ing.
- 513. Reconcile, s, d, iation.
- 514. Recover, s, d, ing.
- 515. Recourse.
- 516. Rectify, ies, ied.
- 517. Recur, s, red.
- 518. Redress.
- 519. Reduce.
- 520. Reform, s, ed, ation.

- 521. Reinststate, s, d.
- 522. Release, s, d.
- 523. Relinquish, es, ed.
- 524. Remedy, ies, ied.
- 525. Remember, s, ed.
- 526. Remove, s, d.
- 527. Render, s, ed.
- 528. Renew, s, ed.
- 529. Repay, s, ed.
- 530. Reserve, s, d.
- 531. Resolution, s.
- 532. Resource, s.
- 533. Retard, s, ed.
- 534. Reserve, s, d.
- 535. River, s.
- 536. Rope, s.
- 537. Rough, ly, er.

- 538. Round, er.
- 539. Rain, ed, ing.
- 540. Scrape, s.
- 541. Seat, s, ed.
- 542. Search, es, ed, ing.
- 543. Seize, s, d.
- 544. Separate, s, d, ation.
- 545. Serve, s, d.
- 546. Severe, ity.
- 547. Shake, s, shook.
- 548. Shrink, s, ing.
- 549. Sick, ly.
- 550. Side.
- 551. Sight.
- 552. Sign, s, ed, ing.
- 553. Signal, s.
- 554. Skilful, ly.

- 555. Sound, s.
- 556. Spare, s, d.
- 557. Speculate, s, d, ing.
- 558. Spirit, s.
- 559. Start, s, ing.
- 560. Storm, s, ed.
- 561. Stranger, s.
- 562. Strength.
- 563. Stretch, s, ed, ing.
- 564. Strike, s, ing.
- 565. Subject.
- 566. Succeed, s, ed, ing.
- 567. Success, es, ful.
- 568. Sunrise.
- 569. Sunset.
- 570. Supply, ies, ied.
- 571. Support, s, ed.

- 572. Suppress.
- 573. Surround, s, ing.
- 574. Suspicious, ly.
- 575. Tedious, ly, ness.
- 576. Temporary.
- 577. Tend, s, ing, ency.
- 578. Tender, ness.
- 579. Theme, s.
- 580. Thick, ly.
- 581. Thin, ly.
- 582. Threaten, s, ed, ing.
- 583. Tight, ly.
- 584. Tolerable, y.
- 585. Top.
- 586. Touch, es, ed, ing.
- 587. Transact, s, ed, ion.
- 588. Transport, s, ed.

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- 589. Trial, s.
- 590. Ticket, s, ed.
- 591. Vacant.
- 592. Vary, ies, ied, iation.
- 593. Vex, es, ed, ation.
- 594. Victory, ies.
- 595. View, s, ed, ing.
- 596. Visible.
- 597. Ultimately.
- 598. Unavoidable, bly.
- 599. Uncomfortable, bly.
- 600. Uncover, s, ed.
- 601. Undergo, es, ne.
- 602. Underneath.
- 603. Undiscovered.
- 604. Undo, did, done.
- 605. Unfavourable, ly.

- 606. Unfinished.
- 607. Unfortunate, ly.
- 608. Unhurt.
- 609. Union.
- 610. Unite, s, d, ing.
- 611. Universe.
- 612. Unjustifiable, y.
- 613. Unless.
- 614. Unmanageable, y.
- 615. Unprepared.
- 616. Unprotected.
- 617. Upper.
- 618. Upright, ly.
- 619. Utility.
- 620. Wait, s, ed, ing.
- 621. Wake, s, ed, ing.
- 622. Warm, s, ed, th.

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- 623. Warn, s, ed, ing.
- 624. Was.
- 625. Wealth, y.
- 626. Weaken, s, ed.
- 627. Wear, s, worn.
- 628. Weigh, s, ed, ing, t.
- 629. Wind, wound.
- 630. Worthy, ily.
- 631. What, ever.
- 632. When, nce, ever.
- 633. Where, ever, of, on.
- 634. Wherry.
- 635. Which.
- 636. While.
- 637. Whimsical.
- 638. Wish.
- 639. Witchcraft.-

- 640. Without.
- 641. Witness
- 642. Wonderful.
- 643. Wore.
- 644. Yacht.
- 645. Year.
- 646. Yesterday.
- 647. Yield.
- 648. You, r, self.
- 649. Zoological Gardens, Surrey.
- 650. Zoological Gardens, Regent's
Park.

VOCABULARY.

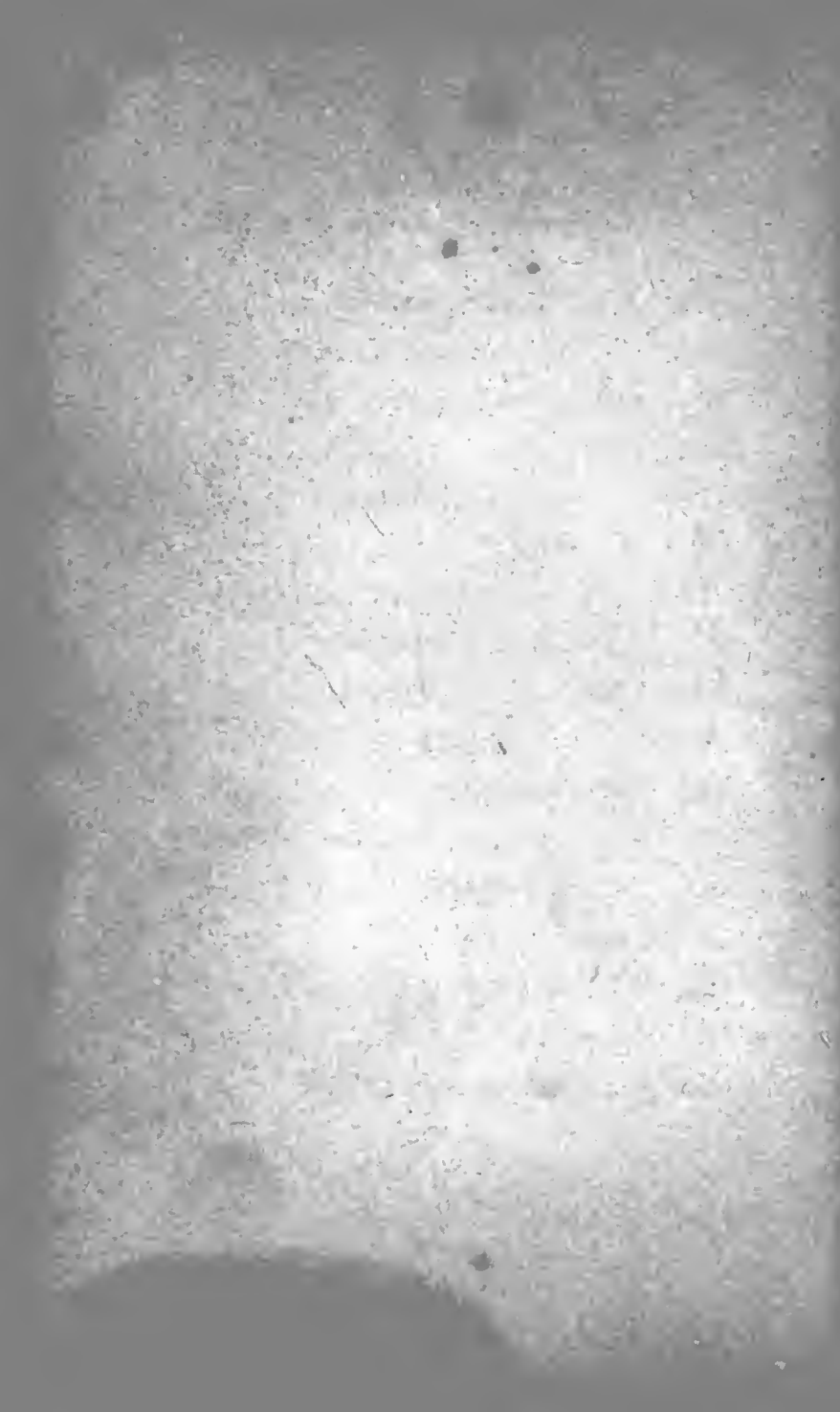
PART III.

CONSISTING OF SHORT AND APPLICABLE
SENTENCES.

THREE KNOTS TO BE TIED BEFORE EACH NUMBER.

1. Almack's.
2. The Drawing-room.
3. St. James's.
4. The Levee.
5. The Italian Opera.
6. The English Opera.
7. Drury Lane Theatre.
8. Covent Garden Theatre.
9. The Adelphi Theatre.





10. The Strand Theatre.
11. The Haymarket Theatre.
12. Vauxhall.
13. Hyde Park.
14. Kensington Gardens.
15. St. James's Park.
16. The Olympic Theatre.
17. The British Museum.
18. The National Gallery.
19. The Fancy Fair.
20. The Bazaar.
21. The Zoological Gardens, West.
22. The Zoological Gardens, Surrey.
23. The Regent's Park.
24. The City.
25. In town.

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26. In the country.
27. Willis's Rooms.
28. The Argyle Rooms.
29. The Play.
30. The Oratorio.
31. The Concert.
32. The Ball.
33. The Music Party.
34. The Soirée.
35. The Fête Champêtre.
36. The Masquerade.
37. The Conversazione.
38. Greenwich Park.
39. The Drive.
40. Meet me without fail at, in.
41. We may rely upon the servant.
42. Take care what you are about.

43. Can you conceive it possible?
44. I condemn your temerity.
45. True love is more respectful.
46. You will make me hate you.
47. Do not compromise.
48. You make unnecessary difficulties.
49. Beware in whom you trust.
50. Do you not fear exposure?
51. You are totally mistaken.
52. There will be no one near to observe.
53. ——— or never.
54. You are much too precipitate.
55. ——— is observing you.
56. You are watched.
57. All is discovered.

58. Remain out of sight for ——
59. You may come without hesitation.
60. What do you mean by your attentions?
61. Henceforth for ever avoid me.
62. Hereafter we are strangers to each other.
63. I have no patience with your duplicity.
64. Explain the mystery immediately.
65. You think you can impose upon me.
66. Be circumspect, but faithful.
67. Hope not, fear not, despair not.
68. Such an avowal would be premature.

69. Believe nothing to my disparagement.
70. I hate him like poverty.
71. She has been the bane of my life.
72. Friendship is all I can give you.
73. Fidelity is not a man's virtue.
74. My little brother may be trusted.
75. Your long absence has distressed me.
76. Eyes have you and you see not.
77. I suspect; beware of duplicity.
78. The harbour in the garden is secluded.
79. I am miserable, and you still smile.
80. If you betray me, dread my vengeance.

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81. You are decidedly ill-dressed.
82. Throw that flower from your
bosom immediately.
83. The lady eloped this morning.
84. He was only wounded in the
duel.
85. Give me some token that you
understand me.
86. I will act no longer in the dark.
87. Mamma always goes to sleep
after dinner.
88. In your smiles only do I live.
89. Another such meeting and my
heart breaks.
90. You are discovered and dis-
missed.
91. Shall I point Cupid's arrows
with gold ?

92. When there is a will, there is
a way.
93. Robin of Norfolk, be not so
bold.
94. You are extremely dull at a
hint.
95. I tell you the thing is impos-
sible.
96. Impatience will not promote
our views.
97. Love me, love my dog. *Verb.*
sap. sat.
98. I receive no presents.
99. I thank you, from my heart,
for the jewels.
100. You always come too early.
101. Your late appearance asto-
nishes me.

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102. Send me some more books.
103. The songs you sent are beautiful.
104. I have been warned against.
105. You have many secret enemies.
106. *En avant*, or we are ruined.
107. I am faithful though suspected.
108. To your beauty I surrender myself.
109. All my happiness depends on you.
110. Listen to no ungenerous suggestions.
111. Have courage and all will be well.
112. Let us not risk our happiness thus.

113. There are many ways of overcoming this.
114. I fain would climb, but yet I fear to fall.
115. Who fears to fall should never climb at all.
116. My passion is lasting as my life.
117. Faint heart never won fair lady.
118. I languish for your regards.
119. I wither as will these flowers.
120. Let me but look upon you and die.
121. I complain not, but I perish.
122. You are angry — there is no longer sunshine.
123. How can I prove my devotion?

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- 124. To hear is to obey.
- 125. Beautiful despot, I obey you.
- 126. I obey you with extreme reluctance.
- 127. Swallows seek the sunshine.
- 128. The lion and you are brothers.
- 129. Prove your courage.
- 130. Truly you have done great nothings.
- 131. Never mention the subject again.
- 132. The dove associates not with the crow.
- 133. There are many paths to the grave.
- 134. Sing to me the song that I love.

135. The strings of a good purse
are my heart-strings.
136. Your scorn I can bear, not
your silence.
137. Return as soon as you can.
138. I have lost ground in your
affections.
139. Come to our party this even-
ing.
140. Tie your bouquets more accu-
rately.
141. Send it by your servant.
142. Notice me (not) at church.
143. We drive out this afternoon.
144. I am a prey to uneasiness.
145. You are as false as these flow-
ers are fading.

306 THE FLORAL TELEGRAPH.

- 146. You have no right to imagine
any such thing.
- 147. Jealousy is the growth of Love.
- 148. Why will you thus disobey
me ?
- 149. I defy your malice.
- 150. You come upon me unpre-
pared.
- 151. I sacrifice all for you.
- 152. You have ceased to love me.
- 153. Remember me in your prayers
to-night.
- 154. Seek for a better opportunity.
- 155. Why were you so cold ?
- 156. Every word of it is false.
- 157. I beseech you, let us not quarrel.
- 158. My heart is in your hand.

- 159. You want no encouragement.
- 160. I never will forsake you.
- 161. We will never quarrel more.
- 162. Your late illness has distracted
me.
- 163. I am uneasy at your attentions
to ——.
- 164. Come to me immediately.
- 165. I am most anxious for a letter.
- 166. Nobody will be here.
- 167. Where was your discretion last
night ?
- 168. There is danger in what you
propose.
- 169. You are breaking my heart.
- 170. I cannot exist under indiffer-
ence.

308 THE FLORAL TELEGRAPH.

- 171. You are cruel.
- 172. You have made me most happy.
- 173. You may see love in all my actions.
- 174. I approve of your arrangements.
- 175. Fail me not at your peril.
- 176. Come to me at your first leisure.
- 177. You take pleasure in my affliction.
- 178. Reproach me not.
- 179. You judge too much by appearances.
- 180. Let me know his name.
- 181. Entertain no hope.
- 182. Beware of ——.

183. Place reliance on ——
184. We are suspected.
185. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.
186. For my sake, seek no danger.
187. You are perfidious.
188. Time has changed me.
189. You may thank your own behaviour.
190. Have the vehicle ready.
191. You did not keep your appointment.
192. Your character is faithlessness.
193. Why do you distress me?
194. There is no one about me to be trusted.
195. It is quite a matter of indifference to me.

310 THE FLORAL TELEGRAPH.

- 196. There is no time to be lost.
- 197. Explain your conduct by letter.
- 198. Ask boldly for an interview.
- 199. Let not my conduct surprise
you.
- 200. You have fulfilled my injunctions.
- 201. Dread my resentment.
- 202. The conveyance is ready.
- 203. Avoid him, or her, if you love
me.
- 204. I can receive your presents.
- 205. Offer your attentions elsewhere.
- 206. I rely on your honour.
- 207. You fear exposure.
- 208. I disregard mere protestations.

209. Give me a sufficient inducement.
210. If the weather should be fine.
211. You are infirm of purpose.
212. I have a rival.
213. Let me know my offence.
214. The family will leave town —
215. Simply, because I adore you.
216. Am I then so low in your opinion?
217. Fidelity and circumspection ensure success.
218. You have risen me from the jaws of the tomb.
219. Another such a quarrel and then —
220. It is of no use admonishing you.

312 THE FLORAL TELEGRAPH.

- 221. There is the trail of the serpent on your flowers.
- 222. Come to me and judge for yourself.
- 223. Love may perish with hunger.
- 224. There will be a bright moon to-night.
- 225. Treat me with more respect.
- 226. My passion is consuming me.
- 227. I like not empty compliments.
- 228. Command me to do any thing else.
- 229. There is no constancy under heaven.
- 230. I beseech you, give me an opportunity.
- 231. I have glorious news to impart to you.

232. Prepare yourself for the worst.
233. Beautiful being, I adore you.
234. One smile and you rivet my chains for ever.
235. You have made my life an elysium.
236. Years of adoration would not repay you.
237. You are the blessing of all who know you.
238. Your conduct is too violent.
239. Love's flame may be puffed out.
240. You have your unequivocal dismissal.
241. If you quarrel with him, see me no more.

314 THE FLORAL TELEGRAPH.

242. You may begin to hope a year hence.

243. Pray procure me an invitation.

244. I know but of one sort of love.

245. I see nothing but malice in the assertion.

246. Your notice of me is too apparent.

247. My servant may be entrusted with a letter.

248. I do not like Malvolio cross-grained.

249. You must come to the point at once.

250. Think of me only till these flowers fade.

251. Once deceived, for ever mistrustful.

252. I detest clandestine proceedings.
253. Make your proposals openly to the family.
254. I may trust to the meaning of your bouquet.
255. There is occasion for concealment.
256. Gratitude is all that I can offer you.
257. You are insensible to my attentions.
258. Let me hear no more of it.
259. You take care that Love's rose shall have thorns enough.
260. Smooth the difficulties that lie in my path.

316 THE FLORAL TELEGRAPH.

- 261. There are more flowers besides those which bloom in the garden of Shiraz.
- 262. The fiercest flame requires to be fed.
- 263. Cast your suspicions behind you.
- 264. I understand your inuendo.
- 265. How beautiful are your eyes !
- 266. Beauty ought to be merciful.
- 267. I shall be alone this evening.
- 268. You have seen nothing to warrant it.
- 269. In my purposes I am firm as the rock.
- 270. There is no denying the accusation.

271. I bring you melancholy intelligence.
272. You have created my happiness.
273. Your beauty exceeds that of these flowers.
274. Make my peace with your father.
275. _____ mother.
276. _____ brother, s.
277. _____ sister, s.
278. _____ uncle, s.
279. _____ aunt, s.
280. _____ guardian, s.
281. _____ cousin, s.
282. _____ friend, s.
283. I consent to an elopement.

318 THE FLORAL TELEGRAPH.

284. I forbid your going out with
him, her.
285. I hate a rake, though a re-
formed one.
286. You have to take your first
lesson in good manners.
287. Do not in future come so early.
288. _____ late.
289. I cannot play Juliet to your
Romeo.
290. You are horribly perfidious.
291. Truly, your love is greater
than your ingenuity.
292. You will destroy me at once.
293. You see with prejudiced eyes.
294. Put a letter in the book you
send me.

295. I shall be watching for your approach.
296. Make an appointment.
297. Your future conduct must decide.
298. We had better cease our correspondence.
299. Ostentation is displeasing to me.
300. I will give you an early intimation.
301. The pyramids were not built in a day.
302. Pay at cards to-night.
303. Small matters are signs of great things.
304. What dress shall you wear at the masquerade?

320. THE FLORAL TELEGRAPH.

305. I shall be at the masquerade
as a king.

306. _____ queen.

307. _____ nun.

308. _____ sailor.

309. _____ soldier.

310. _____ flower girl.

311. _____ in domino.

312. _____ as Columbine.

313. I want a better view of the
church steeple.

314. I am in no hurry to commit
myself.

315. There is yet balm in Gilead.

316. There is nothing fairer than
yourself.

317. There is a snake in the grass.

- 318. Whisper me at the pianoforte.
- 319. Your kindness has thrown me
into extasies.
- 320. Can this delirium last ?
- 321. You were most beautiful last
night.
- 322. My sister is engaged.
- 323. My affections are no longer at
my disposal.
- 324. Win me and wear me..
- 325. There are many miles in a
long day's journey.
- 326. Challenge me at chess.
- 327. Speak upon this hint.
- 328. You approach me under false
colours.
- 329. Be under no apprehensions on
that subject.

322 THE FLORAL TELEGRAPH.

330. Let us at least be true to
ourselves.
331. My absence will not be of long
continuance.
332. The brightest colours often
the soonest fade.
333. Gain a victory over yourself.
334. There is a pit dug in your path.
335. Be cautious, but waver not.
336. I am inflexible.
337. Another step, and I expose
you.
338. If you forsake me, I am de-
stroyed.
339. Can you lend me — pounds?
340. The days of chivalry are
past.

341. Could you love, honour, and
obey?
342. In silence there is safety.
343. I am going abroad.
344. ————— to France.
345. ————— to Spain.
346. ————— to Italy.
347. ————— to Germany.
348. ————— to Switzerland.
349. ————— to Venice.
350. ————— up the Mediter-
ranean.
351. ————— to Greece.
352. ————— to Russia.
353. ————— to Holland.
354. ————— to Ireland.
355. ————— to Scotland.

324 THE FLORAL TELEGRAPH.

356. I am going to Wales.
357. ————— to England.
358. ————— to the East Indies.
359. ————— to the West Indies.
360. ————— to America.
361. ————— to Canada.
362. ————— to South America.
363. I shall be absent a long while.
364. My return will not be pro-
tracted.
365. I shall languish till your re-
turn.
366. The impediments are insur-
mountable.
367. Bath.
368. Cheltenham.
369. Brighton.







